

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

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Number 10

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A BATTLE IN ALABAMA.

Deperate Conflict Between White and Negro Miners.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., July 31.—The mining town of Brookside, fifteen miles west of here, is in a state of panic over a riot which occurred yesterday, resulting in the death of a deputy sheriff and a number of negroes, and the fatal wounding of another deputy. The fight, which lasted for over two hours, was between an organized band of white miners, headed by Deputy Sheriff A. T. Wood and Joel Baxter, who were trying to arrest Jim Biggers, a negro, and a crowd of the latter's friends. Over 150 shots were fired.

Mine Boss Silverhouse, of the Sloss Iron and Steel company, discharged Biggers for a violation of the mine rules. Biggers remained about the place making threats. He refused to leave the company's premises, and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest for trespassing, and Deputy Sheriff Wood and Special Deputy Joel Baxter went to arrest him. As they approached Biggers fired upon them with a Winchester rifle. A bullet passed through Wood's head and another through his heart, killing him instantly. Baxter was mortally wounded, but was able to get back to the camp and give the alarm.

The whole force of miners at once organized and went to arrest Biggers. The latter, in the meantime, had called in a number of his negro friends, and when the two parties met a pitched battle resulted, the negroes finally fleeing to the woods. It is now said that a half a dozen or more were shot down, several of whom were killed outright and the others badly wounded.

Deputy Woods, who was killed, was ex-sheriff of Talladega county. It is believed that the arrival of the force of officers from this city will restore quiet, and that no further demonstration will be made by the negroes.

Trouble between the white and black miners employed at the Slosser company's mines at Brookside has been brewing for some time. There has always been ill feeling between the two races, and it needed but the first shot to bring on a fight.

The town of Brookside is in a state of great excitement, every man in town being armed.

THE NEW BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Conservatives and Liberal Unionists Have a Majority of 152.

LONDON, July 31.—With the exception of the polling in Orkney and Shetland, which was formerly represented by Sir L. Lyell, a Liberal, and the result of which will not be known until the end of the week, the new parliament is now complete. The division of parties is as follows: Conservatives, 341; Liberal Unionists, 70; government total, 411. Liberals, 174; McCarthyites, 70; Parnellites, 13; Labor, 2; total opposition, 359. Government majority, 152. Conservative majority over all, 12.

Thus, the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, with a net gain of 90 seats, will have a majority of 152, the largest in the memory of the present generation. The Conservatives are made independent even of a coalition of all the other parties, including the Liberal Unionists.

The aggregate vote in the contested elections in Great Britain was as follows: Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, 1,725,435; Liberal, 1,028,247; Labor, 50,563; total, 3,404,245. But as 114 of the Unionist candidates for parliament were returned unopposed, no reliable estimate can be formed of the electoral strength of the parties.

The Liberal and Radical press are daily engaged in trying to explain the defeat, but to little purpose. The broad fact of the situation is that the Conservatives are not likely to be displaced for five or six years, unless dissensions should arise in the cabinet between the sections led respectively by Mr. Balfour, Conservative, and Mr. Chamberlain, Liberal Unionist.

Striking Tailors Winning.

NEW YORK, July 31.—The contractors are coming forward in such numbers to accede to the demands of the striking tailors that it appears probable that the strike will soon be ended. More than sixty contractors have signed the new agreement, which displaces the piece work system and in its place creates a weekly scale of wages. These are the leading contractors of the city, and they employ from fifteen to fifty workmen each. As a result 2,000 tailors resumed work at their benches this morning. The settlement committee will continue to hold daily sessions until all the contractors are accommodated who desire to be.

To Succeed Minister Dunn.

MILWAUKEE, July 31.—It is reported here that Edward C. Wall, ex-chairman of the Democratic central committee of Wisconsin, will be appointed minister to Japan to succeed Minister Dunn. It is said that both Senators Vilas and Mitchell are willing to endorse him, and that his friends are working in his behalf.

Mora Indemnity Ratified.

MADRID, July 31.—The cabinet council has accepted the amount which America demands as payment for the Mora indemnity. The chamber voted confidence in the cabinet almost unanimously.

A KANSAS INUNDATION.

It Causes Immense Destruction to Property in Fort Scott.

FORT SCOTT, Kan., July 31.—An unprecedented precipitation of rain in the southeast corner of Kansas has again flooded the streams and wrought destruction to life and property. In seven hours 4.22 inches of water fell in the city, and the entire southern portion of the town is inundated. Two fatalities have so far resulted from the sudden rise.

Walter Austin and Willie Gould, two young boys, were drowned last evening on one of the principal streets, and O. Austin, father of one of the boys, was carried 200 yards in the treacherous current and finally rescued from the top of a tree by boatmen. Mr. Austin, accompanied by the boys, attempted to cross Mill creek bridge, which was surrounded by water, in a wagon. They proceeded 150 feet through the water, when the wagon and horses were swept away. He made a desperate effort to rescue the boys, but was helpless. The bodies of the boys have not been recovered.

The damage to property will exceed that of the flood of the 5th inst., which was more destructive than any for years. The crops on bottom farms will suffer materially.

Three Boys Killed by a Train.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—John Gardner, a colored man, made a horrible find while walking on the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Riverdale Park, a suburb of this city. Lying in the ditch, in one heap, were the mangled bodies of three boys, ranging in age from 10 to 15. They had evidently been run down by a train. The bodies were identified as those of J. Waters Blundon, son of J. U. Blundon, a prominent contractor and real estate broker of this city; Guy Brown, son of W. R. Brown, of No. 2125 H street, and Charles Lynch, of Riverdale. The bodies were found huddled together, and mangled almost beyond recognition.

Says She Was Hypnotized.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 30.—Dolly Agnew, the young woman confined in the county jail on a charge of larceny, only one of many similar previous escapades, has made the startling claim that she is subject to hypnotic influence. She claims that William Woodward forced her to steal in spite of herself. When she is released here she will be taken to Tacoma to answer charges of wholesale thievery from lodging houses, hotels, etc., and her friends will endeavor to show in defense that the young woman's criminal career of the past two years is due to the peculiar power exercised over her by Woodward, her accomplice in some of the robberies.

Salvador on the Verge of Anarchy.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 31.—Private advices from the republic of Salvador state that the country is on the verge of anarchy, there no longer being any protection to life or property. Murders are committed with impunity, and recently the police assassinated a reputable citizen of the capital city. President Gutierrez is unequal to his position, and his cabinet is made up of heterogeneous elements, including fervent Catholics, rampant atheists, agnostics, Free Masons, Liberals and Conservatives, who pull in all directions, while Gutierrez looks helplessly on.

Nine Were Drowned.

QUEENSTOWN, July 30.—The lugger Zenith was burned off Baltimore, Cork county, at about midnight. She had on board a crew of six men and twenty-one passengers, who were out on a pleasure trip from Glandore, to which place they were returning from Baltimore when flames burst through the hatchway. A panic followed, and a boat which was lowered was swamped by the crowd of people who clambered into it. During the confusion nine persons were drowned. The remainder were rescued by the coast guard.

A Stricken Mother's Suicidal Effort.

NEW YORK, July 31.—Mary Rinaldi, a young Italian woman living at No. 123 Washington street, attempted suicide yesterday by cutting her throat in a frenzy of grief over the death of her child. The latter fell from a window and was crushed. The mother stood over the body for a moment, then hurried to the barber shop of her husband, and seizing a razor slashed her throat with it before any one could interfere. Her condition is serious.

Ferdinand's Return to Bulgaria.

VIENNA, July 31.—M. Stolflof, the Bulgarian prime minister, has assured the Sofia correspondent of The Fremdenblatt that Prince Ferdinand will certainly arrive in Sofia by the middle of August. This it taken to indicate that Princess Clementine, mother of Prince Ferdinand, has prevailed upon her son to return to Bulgaria, notwithstanding the risks he may incur through the assassination of ex-Prime Minister Stambouloff.

His Third Matrimonial Venture.

LONDON, July 31.—The Duke of Argyll was married to Miss Ina McNeill, formerly a lady of the bed chamber to the queen and a cousin of Sir John McNeill, who married the Duke of Argyll's sister. The ceremony took place at the Palace of Kipon, and was performed by the bishop of Kipon, who is a cousin of the bride. The wedding was quiet, owing to the recent death of Lord Colin-Campbell, fifth son of the Duke of Argyll. This is the duke's third matrimonial venture. He is 72 years old.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Thursday, July 25.

The Chapin Mining company, at Iron Mountain, Mich., has advanced the wages of its 900 employees 10 per cent.

In an interview at Richmond, Va., Secretary Carlisle positively declared that he did not want a presidential nomination.

Miners at Shamokin, Pa., are urging semi-monthly payments, according to law, which employers declare to be "unconstitutional."

Thomas Foy, a laborer, was instantly killed, and James Fox, a miner, was fatally hurt by a fall of rock in the Keystone colliery, at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

A train on the Lake Shore road was held up by three men at Recco's Switch, near Stryker, O. The robbers got only \$150 from the local safe, being unable to burst the through safe with dynamite. The robbers escaped.

Friday, July 26.

The Hawaiian senate, by a decisive vote refused a pension of \$4,000 per annum to Princess Kaiulani.

Ide E. Peacock, the well known authoress, was granted a divorce in Kansas City from Thomas Brown Peacock, the poet.

At Norwich, N. Y., two children of Rev. W. H. Scudder were burned to death in the partial destruction of the Congregational parsonage by fire.

Associate Justice Brewer yesterday decided the case of Kansas City vs. the National Water Works company, which has been in litigation several years, in favor of the city.

Kentucky's state board of Health has quarantined the state against cattle from Virginia, North and South Carolina, Mississippi, Indian Territory, Alabama, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Georgia and Florida.

Saturday, July 27.

Rev. T. S. Rooks was taken from his home at Westmoreland, Kan., by whitecaps, and tarred and feathered. The comptroller of the currency has given authority for the organization of the Second National bank of Uniontown, Pa.

Alberta L. Stewart, a 14-year-old school-girl of Boston, committed suicide by drowning because she was whipped for running away from home.

Sam Chandler, a wealthy colored citizen of Walton county, Ga., was lashed by negro whitecaps for "riding his family around in carriages and on cars."

"Cherokee Bill," the 19-year-old desperado under sentence of death in the government prison at Fort Smith, Ark., in a futile effort to escape, shot and killed Larry Keating, a guard.

Monday, July 28.

The silver men had a walkover in the selection of Democratic state convention delegates from St. Louis.

While bathing in Lake Erie Alexander Logan, of Niagara Falls, dived in shallow water and broke his neck.

Eldor Hiram Munkes, Second Adventist, in a sermon at Springfield, Mass., predicted the end of the world in 1897.

Felix Murray, for thirteen years employed as a railway mail clerk, is under arrest at Omaha, the self confessed robber of many letters containing remittances for Nebraska drought sufferers.

Tuesday, July 29.

A new Chilean ministry has been formed under the presidency of Manuel Recabarren.

Jacob L. Hays, a prominent business man of Buffalo, committed suicide by drowning in the Niagara river.

A national convention of representative colored men will be held in Baltimore Oct. 9 to discuss matters of interest to the race.

Sheriff Naylor, of Jackson county, Kan., asks for state troops to put down an uprising of Indians on the Pottawatomie reservation.

Under the auspices of the Swedish Scientific society M. Andree will start from Stockholm for the north pole by balloon in July next.

Quarantine Officer Evans, at Eagle Pass, Tex., reports smallpox broken out among the 178 negro colonists that arrived on Sunday from Torreón.

Wednesday, July 31.

The movement to close all distilleries in Kentucky for a year has proved a failure.

The wire nail manufacturers have decided to advance the price of nails fifty cents per keg.

Louisville's monument to the Confederate was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies yesterday.

It is now believed the Indians at Jackson's Hole will withdraw without the necessity of action by government troops.

D. K. Barrett, who accused himself of the Emanuel church murders, has been released from jail at Santa Cruz, Cal., having recovered from his hallucinations.

Lost His Life for His Brother.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 30.—The brothers Jensen and Henry Prins, 14 and 10 years old, respectively, of this city, were drowned yesterday afternoon while bathing at Long Farm. Jensen went beyond his depth and his brother in attempting to rescue him was pulled under.

Morocco Pays Indemnity.

TANGIER, July 24.—The German consul at this port has been paid the sum of \$70,000 as indemnity upon the part of Morocco for the murder of a German trader named Rockstroth.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

PITTSBURG, July 23.—Operator T. D. Stein, who was accused of defrauding his miners by using false weights, was given a preliminary hearing yesterday and held for court.

PITTSBURG, July 31.—The wage committee of the flint glass workers met with the manufacturers yesterday and settled the scale for the plate and bottles. It is the same as last year except for a few changes in classification.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., July 29.—Burton F. Wood, agent for the Slinger Sewing Machine company, was arrested here at a late hour Saturday night and locked up on the charge of embezzling \$1,200 from the company. He has a family here.

HAZLETON, Pa., July 30.—The Lohigh Valley Coal company contracted with Crawford & Dugan for the excavation of 20,000 cubic yards of earth over the coal vein at No. 2 colliery. Four hundred men will be employed for two years.

HARRISBURG, July 29.—John B. Brown, aged 18, accidentally shot and killed William Beverly, colored, aged 18, while playing with a revolver. Brown was locked up, but a coroner's jury pronounced the shooting accidental and he was released.

READING, Pa., July 31.—The Reading Iron company yesterday increased the wages of its puddlers to \$3 a ton, an advance of twenty-five cents. This is the highest amount paid hereabouts. The 276 employees of the company's rolling mill also received a 10 per cent. advance.

LANCASTER, Pa., July 30.—John Eisenberger, a puddler at the Penn rolling mill, was horribly burned yesterday by a flash of fire from a puddle furnace, caused by wet turnings being thrown into the furnace. He was burned on the face, arms, and body, his condition being serious.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—President James L. Miles, of select council, was yesterday appointed real estate deputy in the sheriff's office by Sheriff Clement, the appointment to take effect on Aug. 1. Mr. Miles succeeds Frank Willing Leach, who resigned the position, which is worth \$3,000 a year, to look after Senator Quay's campaign.

PITTSBURG, July 31.—Bishop Phelan has been appealed to by several priests in this diocese to stop the manufacture of beer at the St. Vincent monastery, Latrobe. The monastery derives a large revenue from the brewery. Some years ago the brewery was closed on a similar action, but a short time ago it was allowed to reopen by special dispensation.

READING, Pa., July 29.—Charles Williams, aged 38, and Philip Wedner, 23, had a street fight here yesterday during which William cut Wedner in the abdomen so badly that his intestines protruded. He will probably die. Williams claims the cutting was done in self defense, but this is denied by eye witnesses. The fight was the result of an old grudge.

PITTSBURG, July 30.—A most important conference of the leading officials of the United Mine Workers began yesterday for the purpose of considering the proposed strike for an advance. The miners are prepared to settle the question of wages amicably, and say if a strike is declared it will affect the four great mining states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. The leaders here hope for a settlement.

PITTSBURG, July 30.—Rev. E. R. Donohoe, pastor of the Eighth Presbyterian church of this city, and who has been identified with Chinese mission work for years, in an interview says that he believes the efforts to convert Chinese from Paganism is futile. He says that although the Chinamen go to Sunday school and seem to take an interest in the Christian religion, and even profess Christianity, yet they cling to their heathen ideas and ceremonies.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., July 27.—A vigilant search is being made for Frank Gibbs, who is wanted for participating in a brutal crime at Hooksett in early this week. The victim of the crime is Ella Staunton, a 75-year-old white girl, who belongs to a highly respected family of Hooksett. The girl was inveigled into a lonely place by Bessie Tillman, a colored woman, when two colored men rushed out and assaulted her. They were assisted by the woman. The woman and George Whitman are now in jail.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27.—It has been generally supposed that Richard Vaux, ex-congressman, ex-mayor and distinguished jurist, who died last March, left no will, but such a document has been found. After making a number of minor bequests it leaves the residue of the estate, which is valued at about \$50,000, to the widow, Mary Vaux Vaux, for life, and at her death to be divided among the children. The document concludes with these words: "I direct that no inventory be made of the estate. It is nobody's business but those who are interested in it."

SHAMOKIN, Pa., July 29.—Being unable to longer keep the wolf from his door, Peter W. Miller, an aged and disabled veteran of the late rebellion, made the journey to Washington on foot, and after having shown Pension Commissioner Lochner the scars from wounds received in battle succeeded in having his pension of \$5 per month restored. The pension was hard earned for the poor old soldier, but officials of the pension bureau, realizing that he had been done a great injustice, had him while at the nation's capital and furnished him with transportation back to Shamokin.

The American bicyclist divides the honors abroad with the American trotter.

Colonel John Cockerill thinks that the attitude of Russia in the East must force an alliance between England, Japan and China.

The Boston Journal of Commerce announces that an electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in metal.

The Salvation Army is said to have secured a strong foothold in Buenos Ayres. During the financial troubles it was able, according to Ram's Horn, to help thousands of men out of work to food and shelter. It has a thriving farm colony, and is training Spanish-speaking cadets.

If some archaeologist in the year 5000 A. D., happens to dig up a fashionable woman's costume of the present day, he will draw some very queer conclusions from it concerning the shape of its one-time wearer, predicts the Washington Pathfinder. Women wear big sleeves because they are "pretty." If a thing is pretty, that settles it with the conventional woman. Next thing one shall see society belles hanging themselves about with oil paintings and water colors in gold frames to make themselves "pretty."

The whaleboat Kito is to be sent Arcticward after Peary, and in a little while a new Peary will probably have to be sent after the whaleboat Kite. That, adds the New York Tribune, is the general operation of Polar discovery. The magnet of the North draws eternally, operative on ships and men, perhaps finally on balloons and bicycles as it is on the mariner's needle. Whether the fruits of Polar adventure equal their cost and peril is a question on which the economist and the geographical and scientific enthusiasts are entitled to hold different opinions; but it is a quest never likely to be intermitted. The line of discoverers will continue, however lean and conjectural their tales of discovery, and such of them as are not lost in Symme's Hole will have to be sent for now and then to organize new expeditions and keep alive a healthy interest in the region.

We look with horror on the pictures left us by Assyrian and Egyptian conquerors of prisoners' hands and feet cut off, their bodies impaled, and their heads nailed up against the city walls, forgetful, suggests the New York Independent, that just such things may happen nowadays within a few hundred miles of the world's great capitals. A telegram from Tangier reported the other day that four loads of human heads were being brought to Fez, to show the Sultan that people were really punished for the last revolt. The telegram in the London Times says that the "heads were in bad condition when they reached Rabat, and were re-salted at that place, the work being done by Hebrews under compulsion of the Government." It was pictured deeds no worse than this which led Gutschmid to declare that the old Assyrians were the schrecklichste of all Nations.

Opposition to crime is growing fast in the mountains of Kentucky, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Jackson (Brentbitt County) Hustler says: "Word comes to us from every direction of the revolution in the sentiment of the people of this section of the mountains in regard to punishing criminals. A man told us this week that he had been in eight counties since the Fields-Adkins trial at Barbourville, and that the intense feeling against lawlessness was universal. A gentleman who has been in Perry County much of the time in the past six weeks told us that there would be no trouble to get a jury in that county to hang a man if he deserved it. In the counties where lawlessness has been worst this feeling is greatest. The revolt from the state of terror and death will sweep a number of men into the State Prison and some into their graves. Woe to the desperadoes of these counties now. Their race is run. The grand juries are doing their work and the petit juries their duty."

THE MORNING BIRD.

[One of the most treasured relics I have is a poem which my father wrote when I was a little boy. My father was a native of Maine, but for all that he was a man of sentiment, and he had much to say about the morning bird. The poem which he gave and which I have always treasured, will (if I am not erroneously in error) touch a responsive chord in many a human heart, for all humanity looks back with tenderness to the time of youth.—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.]

A bird sat in the maple tree
And this was the song he sang to me
"O little boy, awake, awake, arise!
The sun is high in the morning skies;
The brook's a-play in the pasture lot
And wondereth that the little boy
It loveth dearly cometh not."
To share its turbulence and joy;
The grass hath kissed cool and sweet
For triant little brown bare feet—
So come, O child, awake, arise!
The sun is high in the morning skies!"

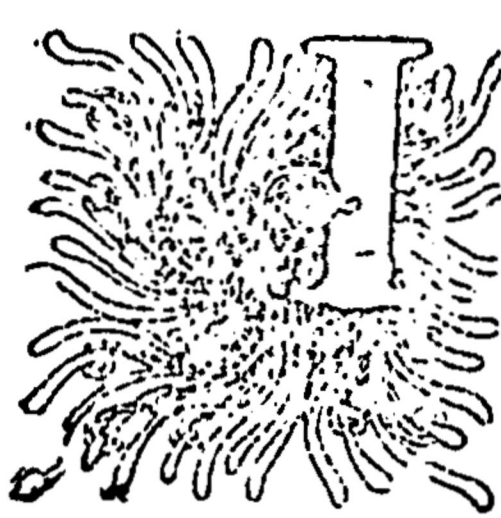
So from the yonder maple tree
The bird kept singing unto me;
But that was very long ago—
I did not think—I did not know—
Else would I not have longer slept
And dreamt the precious hours away;
Else would I from my bed have leapt
To greet another happy day—
A day, untouched of care and truth,
With sweet companionship of youth—
The dear old friends which you and I
Knew in the happy years gone by!

Still in the maple can be heard
The music of the morning bird,
And still the song is of the day
That runneth o'er with childish play;
Still of each pleasant old-time place
And of the old-time friends I knew—
The pool where hid the surly dace,
The lot the brook went scampering through
The mill, the lane, the bellflower tree
That used to love to shelter me—
And all these others I knew then,
But which I cannot know again!

Alas! from yonder maple tree,
The morning bird sings not to me;
Else would his ghostly voice prolong
An evening, not a morning, song;
And he would tell of each dear spot
I knew so well and cherished then,
As all forgetting, not forgot
By him who would be young again!
O child, the voice from yonder tree
Calleth to you and not to me;
So wake and know those friendships all
I would to God I could recall!

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.



It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back," said Lucy, bursting into tears. The pleasant June sunbeams came peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy, where pans of milk and cream were ranged in orderly array; great stone pots stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed on the table for service.

Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of his dairy. Not a chance guest came to the house but was invited down to see it; not a housekeeper in the neighborhood but secretly envied its many conveniences and exquisite neatness.

"And it isn't the dairy alone!" triumphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. "And you may go through the house from garret to cellar, and you will never find a speck of dust or a stain of rust. There never was such a housekeeper as my wife."

Mrs. Bellenden was young, too—scarcely three-and-twenty. She had been the daughter of a retired army officer, delicately reared and quite ignorant of all the machinery of domestic life until she married Seth Bellenden.

"It's very strange," Lucy had written to her father. "The farm is beautiful. You never saw such monstrous old buttonball trees, nor such superb roses, and the meadows are full of clover and the strawberries shine like jewels on the sunny hill-sides. But nobody sketches or reads. I don't think there is a copy of Tennyson in the whole neighborhood, and no one ever heard of Dore or Milais. All they think of is how many dozens of eggs the hens lay, and how many cheeses they can make in a year. And the woman who has a new receipt for waffles, or a new pattern for a horrible thing that they call crazy quilts, is the leader in society."

But presently young Mrs. Bellenden herself caught the fever and became a model housewife. Example is all-powerful, and Lucy began to believe that the whole end and aim of life was domestic thrift, money-saving and the threadmill of work.

"My dear," said Seth, "if you thought you could get along without Hepsey, the maid, I might be able to afford that new reaper before the oat crop comes in."

"I'll try," said Lucy. And after that she rose before day-break and worked later into the night than ever.

"What is the matter with your hands, Lucy?" Seth asked one day. "They are not so white and beautiful as they used to be."

Lucy colored as she glanced down at the members in question.

"I suppose it is making the fires," said she.

And then she took to wearing old kid gloves at her sweeping and dusting and digging out of ashes.

"My coat is getting shabby," Seth one day remarked.

"Why don't you buy another one?" asked his wife.

Seth laughed—a short laugh.

"What do you think Mrs. Higginbotham has done?" said he. "She ripped up her husband's old suit and cut a pattern by it, and made a new one, and entirely saved him ten dollars!"

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I will try it!"

"You can do anything, my dear!" said Mr. Bellenden, admiringly.

And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward.

Company began to come as soon as the bright weather set in.

All the affectionate relations of Mr. Bellenden soon discovered that the farmhouse was cool and shady, that Lucy's cooking was excellent, and that the bedrooms were neatness itself.

Some of them were even good enough to invite their relations as well, and so the house was full from April to December.

All the clergymen made it their home at Brother Bellenden's when they came to Silvan Bridge for ecclesiastical conventions; all the agents for unheard-of articles discovered that they knew somebody who was acquainted with the Bellendens, and brought their carpet-bags and valises, with that faith in human hospitality which is one of life's best gifts.

Mrs. Bellenden's fame went abroad among the Dorcas of the neighborhood in the matter of butter and cheese. She took prizes in the domestic department of all the agricultural fairs, and the adjoining housewives took no trouble to make things that they could borrow of Mrs. Bellenden, "just as well as not."

And one day, when poor Lucy, under the blighting influence of a horrible sick headache, was endeavoring to strain three or four gallons of milk into the shining pans, the news arrived that Uncle Paul was coming to the farm.

"Another guest!" said Lucy, despairingly.

And then she uttered the proverb that heads our sketch.

"Oh, it's only Uncle Paul!" said Mr. Bellenden. "Don't fret, Lucie; he's the most peaceable old gentleman in the world. He'll make no more trouble than a cricket. John's wife thought she couldn't have him, because she has no hired girl just now—"

"Neither have I!" said Lucy, rebelliously.

"And Sarah Eliza don't like company."

"I am supposed to be fond of it!" observed Lucy, bitterly.

"And Reuben's girls don't want old folks staying there. It's too much trouble, they say," added Seth.

Lucy bit her lip to keep back the words she might have uttered, and said, instead:

"Where is he to sleep? The Belfords have the front bedroom, and your Cousin Susan occupies the back, and the four Miss Pattersons sleep in the two hall chambers, and the hired men have the garret room."

She might have added that she and her husband and the baby had slept in a hot little den opening from the kitchen for four weeks, vainly expecting Mr. and Mrs. Belford to depart, and that she had never yet had a chance to invite her father to the farm in pleasant weather.

But she was magnanimous and held her peace.

"Oh, you can find some place for him!" said her husband, lightly. "There's that little room at the end of the hall where the spinning-wheel is."

"But it isn't furnished?" pleaded Lucy.

"You can easily sew a carpet together out of those old pieces from the Belfords' room, and it's no trouble to put up a muslin curtain to the window and lift in a cot-bed. There are plenty of good sweet husks in the corn-house, and you can just tack together a mattress and whitewash the ceiling, and—What's that, Beniah?"

The cows in the rye lot! Dear me! Everything goes wrong if I step into the house for a moment. And really, Lucie, these things are your business—not mine!" he added, irritably.

Lucy could not help laughing, all by herself, as her husband ran up the steps.

But it was a very sad little laugh, and soon changed into a sigh.

"I wonder," said she, in a whisper, "if my poor, tired-out ghost would haunt these stone pavements and scrubbed shelves if I were to die? I never heard of a ghost in a dairy before, but I should think that it might easily be."

But the little bedroom was filled up for all that, as fresh as a rose, and Uncle Paul arrived, a dried-up, yellow-complexioned old man, with an old-fashioned cravat tied in many folds around his neck, and a suit of navy-blue, with brass buttons.

He had the polite way of half a century ago, and Lucy thought she should like him very much, if only she had time to get acquainted with him.

But she was churning ten pounds of butter a day, and there was the baby, and the company, and the young

chickens, and the baking to do for the sewing society, which was to meet at her house this week.

She was almost too busy to sleep. But Uncle Paul was watching her quietly all the time.

He came out one day to the barn, where his nephew was putting a new handle on a sickle blade.

"Pretty busy times, eh, Uncle Paul?" said the farmer, scarcely taking the leisure to look up.

"Aye," absently answered the old man. "Did I tell you, Nephew Seth, about the reason I left your Cousin Eliab's?"

"Not that I remember," said Seth, breathing on the blade and polishing it with his silk handkerchief.

"Dorothy died—his wife!"

"Oh, yes!" said Seth. "Malarial fever, wasn't it?"

"No!" bluntly answered Uncle Paul. "It was hard work. That woman, Nephew Seth, did the housework for eight persons. Eliab didn't even let her have a woman to help with the washing and the ironing."

"Must have been a regular-going brute," said Seth, tightening the handle a little.

"All the sewing, too," added Uncle Paul—"the mending, and making. Never went anywhere except to church. Eliab didn't believe in women gadding about."

"The old savage!" said Seth.

"She was fond of reading, but she never got any time for it," said Uncle Paul. "She rose before sun-up, and never lay down until eleven o'clock. It was hard work that killed that woman, and Eliab coolly declared that it was sheer laziness when she couldn't drag herself around any longer. And when she died he rolled up his eyes and called it the visitation of Providence."

"Why didn't the neighbors lynch him?" cried Seth, fairly aroused to indignation at last.

Uncle Paul took off his glasses, wiped them vigorously and looked his nephew hard in the face.

"Why don't the neighbors lynch you?" said he.

Seth dropped the sickle and started. "Nephew Seth," said Uncle Paul, impressively, "thou art the man! Are you not doing the very same thing?"

"I?" gasped Seth.

"Your wife is doing the work of a household of sixteen people," said Uncle Paul. "She is drudging as you could hire no foreigner to drudge. She is rising early, and lying down late; she is offering up her life on the shrine of your farm and its requirements. I have seen her grow thin and pale even during the few days I have been here. I have carried water and split wood for her because there was no one else to do it. I have seen her carry up Mrs. Belford's breakfast daily to her room, because Mrs. Belford preferred to lie in bed; and cooking dainty dishes for Helen Patterson, because Helen wouldn't eat what the rest like. No galley-slave ever worked as she does. And you, with your hired men—whose board only adds to her cares—and your array of labor-saving machinery, stand coolly by and see her commit slow suicide. Yes, Nephew Seth, I think it is a case for lynching!"

Seth had grown pale.

"I—I never thought of this," said he.

"Why didn't some one tell me?"

"Where were your own eyes?" said Uncle Paul.

Seth Bellenden rolled down his shirt sleeves, put on his coat, and went into the house.

He told the Belfords and Pattersons that it was inconvenient to keep them any longer. He gave Cousin Susan to understand that her room was needed. He made arrangements to board the hired men at the vacant farmhouse, and engaged a stout dairyman and a house-servant to wait on Lucy. And he telegraphed to her father to come to Silvan Bridge at once.

"She deserves a treat," he said. "He shall spend the summer with us."

And then he went to tell Lucy.

She had fainted among the butter-cups, picking strawberries for tea. Poor little Lucy! The machinery had utterly refused to revolve any longer. His heart grew cold within him.

"She will die," he thought, "and I shall have murdered her?"

But she did not die. She recovered her strength by degrees.

"It is better than any medicine," she said, "to know that Seth is thinking of me and for me."

And Uncle Paul—"the last straw," as she had called him—had proved her salvation.

"I don't want her to go as Eliab's wife did," said Uncle Paul.—Saturday Night.

Fortunate Waiters.

In Frankfort, Germany, there is a restaurant the waiters of which have just received what must assuredly be the largest "tip" on record. Among their customers for many years was a gentleman of independent means, Herr Wilhelm Pentzel. Recently this gentleman went on a trip to Egypt, and died while there, at Port Said. By his will, it is found, he has left \$4000 to the fortunate waiters in question.—London News.

The size of a lunch basket depends altogether on who carries it, the husband or wife.—Los Angeles Express.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

CARROTS FLEMISH WAY.

Boil six or eight good-sized carrots until tender. Cut them into stars or dice, then stew them with five small onions, a sprig of parsley chopped and a little salt and pepper, three-fourths of a pint of good gravy or a little melted butter. Serve very hot.—New York Journal.

CREAMED CODFISH.

Pick over and freshen one cup of salt codfish. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in the chafing-dish, add one tablespoonful of flour and stir until smooth; add one and one-half cups of rich milk, stir until it begins to thicken, then add the codfish. Cook for ten minutes, add the yolk of one egg. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve at once.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

GROUND RICE PANCAKES.

Set a pint of new milk in a very clean saucepan, and when it is scalding hot stir in two tablespoonfuls of ground rice previously mixed, smooth in one-quarter pint of cold milk, keep it on the fire till it thickens, but do not let it boil, put it into a bowl to cool, stirring in gently one-quarter of a pound of fresh butter. When cold add two ounces of sugar, a little nutmeg and four eggs well beaten with a pinch of salt. Drop enough of this mixture into as little lard as possible and fry it a nice light brown. Sift sugar over them, roll them and serve with lemon out and laid around the dish.

EGG CUTLETS.

To prepare egg cutlets take five eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper, crumbs for breading and fat for frying. Put four of the eggs in a deep saucepan and fill up with boiling water. Cover and let them stand on the coolest part of the range for twenty minutes. At the end of this time pour off the hot water and cover with cold water. Remove the shells and cut the eggs in two, lengthwise, using a plated knife. Let a soup plate stand in hot water until heated through. Put the butter, salt and pepper in this plate and stir until the butter is melted.

Beat the fifth egg in another soup plate, and have a third plate filled with dry and sifted bread crumbs. Drop the eggs one at a time in the melted butter, then in the beaten egg, and finally roll them in the crumbs. Lay them on a platter and set in a cold place until it is time to cook them; then put them in the frying basket and cook in hot fat for one minute. Serve with a bisque or curry sauce. These eggs make a delicious luncheon or supper dish.—New York World.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Set Sally Lunn with yeast, shorten with butter and pour into its baking pan the night before.

Cheese potatoes are scalloped from cold boiled potatoes with alternate layers of grated cheese.

Never wash strawberries. They should be lightly shaken in a towel as a means of cleaning them.

For nut sandwiches use whole wheat bread; chop the nuts fine and mix with a mayonnaise, with or without mustard.

Coffee stains upon the linen may be removed by beating a tablespoonful of tepid water into the yolk of an egg; apply, then wash with warm, not hot water.

After the juice is squeezed from lemons the peels are used for rubbing brass. Dip them in common salt, rub the brass thoroughly, then brush with dry bathbrick.

A carpet formed of layers of paper, a ply of felt, and an intermediate filling of cotton, and provided with an infold side, producing a spring edge, is a late invention.

An agreeable way of treating the eyes with salt and water is to wink them in a cup that is brimful. The eyes will be suffused by simply winking the lashes in the water.

If soot falls from the stovepipe on your carpet cover it quickly with dry salt and sweep it up carefully. If this be done quickly and carefully there will be no trace of the soot left.

Dressers and meat and bread boards can be kept sweeter and whiter by scouring with sand soap than by mere scrubbing, as the sand removes the soiled surface and leaves a new one.

A good tonic for hair is salt water. Put a teaspoonful of salt in a half pint of water and rub a little on the scalp every day with a small, soft cloth. The effect at the end of a month will please you.

Any woman doing her work may so systematize it that it will be the easiest possible thing imaginable for her. She need not follow any other person's methods, unless they are the very best for her own conditions.

A new finish for furniture is that of Epping oak, and is a green, with a real forest hue in its brown depths. Chairs and high, straight-backed settees intended chiefly for halls, though they are seen in other parts of the house, are furnished in this way.

WHAT'S THE USE.

What's the use to talk of sighing
When the meadow shows its green;
When the ripples on the river
And the lilies loll and lean?

What's the use to talk of sighing
When the lark is in the loam,
And the morning glory's climbing
Up the garden gate at home?

What's the use to talk of sighing
When the rose is sweet with dew—
When the mocking bird is singing
And the violets blue?

AN EPISODE AT EPSOM.



HERE was a wide-spread opinion among the married ladies of his acquaintance that Tom Villars thought

rather too much of his charming self and rather too little of his charming wife. This opinion contained, perhaps, an element of truth. Tom had so long been accustomed, as a bachelor, to study his own pleasures and inclinations, that when he married it did not come at all natural to him to study those of another person. He had no desire to neglect his wife or to treat her selfishly. Indeed, if it had occurred to him that he was doing so, he would instantly have desisted. But it didn't. His wife seemed to him always perfectly happy and satisfied. Tom was conscious that she adored him and believed in him implicitly. She had plenty of money to buy frocks and knick-knacks. She enjoyed excellent health. Good society had opened its doors to her. She could do very much what she pleased. Above all, she had lately been blessed with that object at once so dear and such an endless source of amusement to the female heart—a live baby of her own. What more could a young wife desire?

But if you had questioned pretty Mrs. Villars on this point, and had obtained an absolutely honest reply from her, you would have found that there was just one thing more which she did desire, namely—that her Tom were rather more domestic in his habits. She never complained; never even mentioned the grievance to her dearest friends, of whom—more feminine—she had at least a score. But by little signs and tokens, which those artless creatures are so quick to read, they saw that the feeling existed, and, with great unanimity, they cried shame upon the recalcitrant for thus endangering his devoted wife's peace of mind.

None of them, however, was quite so indignant with him as was Maisie Pippingstone, his wife's sister. Maisie was a somewhat exacting young lady. She entertained the strictest ideas of marital duty. According to her, a married man ought never to spend an evening away from his domestic fire-side unless he were out in the company of his wife. She had sometimes hinted as much to Tom. He—the wretch—had only laughed good-humoredly, and had puffed aside her hints in a cloud of cigar smoke. He had once even been so dastardly as to cut a joke about the future fate of one Charles Goring, an admirer of Maisie's, whose declaration she was daily expecting.

"Poor beggar," chuckled Tom, with his insufferably good-tempered grin; "I am afraid you will give him a rough time, Maisie. I really think I ought to warn him. By the way, I'm just off to the club for a game of billiards. Perhaps you'll tell the wife, when she comes down from the nursery, that she needn't sit up for me."

Maisie had blushed crimson and had gasped at her brother-in-law with speechless indignation; while he had gone out, whistling a tune, in the best of tempers and spirits—a perfect monster (it seemed to his sister-in-law) of heartlessness and levity.

The very next day he gave another characteristic example of his selfishness.

"My dear," he said to his wife in the course of dinner. "I shall not want breakfast till nine o'clock tomorrow, as I'm not going to business. The fact is," he explained, "I've arranged to drive down with a few friends to Epsom to see the Derby run. And while I think of it, dear, will you please tell the cook to prepare for us a good cold luncheon for eight? We shall want to start at eleven o'clock."

"Very well, Tom," she said, with just the suspicion of a sigh, which her husband, intent upon his dinner, did not notice.

Miss Maisie, however, sat upright in her chair, and, regarding her brother-in-law indignantly, demanded:

"Are you not going to take Kitty and me with you?"

"Well, no, my dear Maisie. I had not thought of doing so," answered Tom. "We are a party of men only, you see."

"Oh!" cried Maisie, with a contemptuous sniff.

"Besides," added Tom, smiling at her benignantly. "I am sure Kitty could never bring herself to leave the son and heir for a whole day—could you, Kitty?"

"I should like you to take rather more notice of Tony than you do, Tom," answered his wife, in a tone of half-playful reproach.

"Oh, really, Kittie," he cried, "you shouldn't say that of the little beggar. I think he is just the most nailing baby that was ever—what d'ye call it?—short-coated."

"It is a pity that you do not take the trouble to see more of the—little beggar, as you call him," interposed Miss Maisie, with sarcasm.

"Hang it! I see him nearly every day of his slumberous little life," said Tom; "and I kiss that jolly pink head of his every time. But, of course, a man cannot always be in the nursery. That is a woman's place—isn't it?"

"You have made up your mind that it is Kittie's place," retorted Maisie, with a toss of her head.

"Hush, hush, Maisie, dear," said her sister, looking distressed.

"All right," said Tom, with that lazy grin of his. "I don't mind a bit; and I believe Goring's an awfully good-tempered fellow, too."

That allusion to her admirer had its usual effect of silencing Miss Maisie, and she contented herself with sulking for the rest of dinner.

On the following morning Tom made his appearance in the highest of spirits. He was an admirable whip, and the prospect of driving four-in-hand down to Epsom had an exhilarating influence upon him. He breakfasted with huge appetite; chaffed and joked, in his usual boisterous way, with the two ladies—though Maisie scarcely deigned to speak to him—and altogether comported himself like a schoolboy going out for a holiday. After breakfast he had a conversation with his butler, who was to accompany the party—in charge of the luncheon; and then he went on to the livery stables, from which he hired his coach. By 11 o'clock, punctually, he had piloted that vehicle round to the door of his own house.

Mrs. Villars and Maisie came out to see the coach start, and to tender their advice—what woman is not ever ready with that commodity?—about the bestowal of the luncheon hamper. Miss Maisie had recovered her temper by this time. Possibly the sight of Charles Goring, whom Tom had picked up on the way as one of the party, had something to do with her present benignant frame of mind.

"Morning, Mrs. Villars—Morning, Miss Pippingstone," said the jovial Charles, raising his hat. "Glad to see that the hamper is ready for us, by Jove! These horses of Tom's are so fresh this morning that they're almost out of hand. We have had more than one squeak of a collision already."

"Hoist it up quick onto the roof here," said Tom to Singleton, the butler, who, with the groom's aid, was already lifting the hamper. "I can't hold these blessed cattle much longer."

"My dear Tom," said Miss Maisie, with a superior air; "fancy exposing your luncheon to the rays of this positively scorching sun. The cream will be sour, the pigeon-pie, the—"

"Oh, bother, I forgot!" cried Tom, hastily, checking his sister-in-law in her prophetic string of evils. "Good thing you mentioned it, Maisie, by Jove! Where shall we have it, Singleton?"

"There will be plenty of room for the hamper inside with me, sir," answered the butler, touching his hat.

"All right, in with it, then."

"And mind how you lift it, please," added Maisie to the groom—for this young lady must always have her finger in every pie—"else you will break the glasses to smithereens."

"Now then, you young folk," shouted Tom Villars, with a paternal air, from the box, "I can't hold these beggars any longer. Hamper safely stowed, Singleton?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Let 'em go there. Ta-ta, Kitty; Ta-ta, Maisie."

Tom cracked his whip. The groom behind trotted on the horn. The horses bounded forward, Kitty and Maisie waving parting salutes. Ten minutes later the rest of the party were picked up, by arrangement, at the X club; and the journey to Epsom had fairly begun.

The day was fine and fresh; the roads were in good order, but not dusty; the team went well together; Tom's friends were a party of congenial souls. All these things combined to give them a thoroughly pleasant drive.

"Hang it," pronounced Charles Goring, who looked particularly rakish this morning, and wore his hat unspeakably cocked. "I don't know how it is, you know; but when one's driven down to Epsom, Clapham seems less Claphamish, you know, and Tooting less Tooting, you know, and Cockneyism less Cockneyified, you know. As for this little shop—what's its name?"

"Morden," prompted somebody.

"Well, Morden looks so jolly rural that it excites a vein of poetry in a fellow, you know. I've felt less sentimental in Devonshire—pon my soul, I have."

"And I've felt less hungry on the Alps," added a more prosaic gentleman. "How much farther to Epsom, Tom?"

"Six miles—on to the course."

"Great Caesar! Six mortal miles between me and luncheon. Egad! I

shall punish the provender when I get it."

"So shall I—and I—and I," chimed in several others. In fact, it appeared to be the general opinion of the party that driving to Epsom was the hungriest morning's work a man could undertake, and that partridge-shooting, or even deer-stalking, was not "in it" with that occupation.

At last they reached Epsom, passed through the town and climbed, at a foot's pace—for they were now in an interminable line of vehicles—the narrow, hilly lane which leads on to the Downs. The coach was drawn up in position, the horses duly taken out, "And now," said Tom, "I vote for luncheon."

Every one cordially agreed. Even the sentimental Goring admitted that he was peckish.

"Out with those hamper Singleton," said Tom to the butler.

"Ye-es, sir."

"I'll give you a hand, Singleton," said Charles Goring, who was standing at Tom's side. Charles was always observed to be in great force at a picnic. There was nothing he enjoyed more than helping to unpack and distribute the eatables.

"Thank you, sir," said Singleton.

The hamper was soon deposited upon the grass. Goring took out his knife and began to cut the strings which bound down the lid.

"By Jove," he exclaimed. "I am peckish, and no mistake. But there is no fear of one's not being satisfied when you do the catering, Tom."

"Thanks," laughed Villars, taking off his hat, with a jocular sweep. "But spare your compliments, old man, or rather wait till we get back and pay them to—Maisie."

Goring grinned, colored slightly under his bronzed skin, and proceeded with his task. He had soon cut all the strings and thrown back the lid. Tom saw him give a sudden start; then put his glass to his eye and examine the contents of the hamper with a sort of fascinated stare. The more he looked at them, the more they seemed to puzzle him. At last he turned to Tom and inquired gravely:

"I say, old man—does your cook take us for cannibals?"

"Cannibals!" ejaculated Villars.

"Yes," said Goring, again fixing his glass in his eye and staring down into the hamper with a serious face. "I am not particular myself, but if I have to lunch on this sort of thing I confess I'd rather have it disguised as pork pie or sausage roll. Still, old man, being your son and heir, and such a fine, fat little beggar into the bargain—"

Tom Villars was not easily taken aback. He was considered by his friends to have the self-possession—not to say self-assurance—of three ordinary men. But when he stepped up and looked into the luncheon hamper he was completely dumfounded and overcome. He stood there stock still, staring at its contents as though his eyes were eternally riveted upon them. The hamper had been carefully fitted up with rugs and cushions, to serve as a portable bassinette, and securely strapped inside by a wide waist belt, now just awake and somewhat solemn and bewildered, lay that plump and jovial infant—"the most nailing baby that was ever short-coated." The youngster's bottle was fastened to the side with string, and one of his pudgy hands was already feeling for the india-rubber connecting pipe.

"By Jove," remarked Goring, feelingly, as he bent down and placed the tube in the tiny, groping fingers. "The nipper's hungry after his drive. He wants his lunch as well as we. And I wish," he added, with a lugubrious look, "that we had half as good a chance of getting it!"

"Upon my word," gasped Tom, "I wonder whom we have to thank for this?"

Amid the general consternation which this discovery occasioned, the butler turned away his woe-begone face and stealthily chinked some gold in his breeches' pocket.

"Why—which—which—on earth is—the—the—real one?" gasped Tom Villars.

He had just entered the nursery, holding his son and heir in his arms, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Kitty, with another baby on her knee, scrubbing, combing, and otherwise persecuting that helpless infant.

"Eh?" exclaimed Kitty, looking up, and starting violently: "whose child have you got there, Tom? Why, it is dressed up in some of Tony's things," she added, sullenly. "That is his best cape. I—"

"Er—er—I—s—s—n't this one T—Tony, then?" stammered the dismayed Tom, who seemed almost bereft of his senses by this new surprise. "I—I—thought—"

"You never mean that you mistook that hideous little goblin for our Tony!" cried Mrs. Villars, with unusual energy.

"N—n—no," replied the unhappy father. "You see, if I'd looked at the little beggar rather more closely, I should have known the difference at a glance. Of course, Tony's nose is a trifle t—turned up."

"Turned up?" interposed the mother, with something like a scream. "Oh, Tom, how can you say such a thing,

when he has the sweetest little Greek nose—"

"J—j—just so," said Tom, hurriedly. "I meant that. And then, of course, Tony's eyes are blue—"

"Blue? Oh, Tom—hazell!" expostulated the outraged Kittie, moved to the verge of tears.

"To be sure. I—I meant hazel. I—I—"

A loud burst of laughter from behind saved poor Tom Villars from further floundering in the mire. Maisie had entered quietly during the above dialogue, and could now restrain her merriment no longer.

"I had better explain," said this young lady, when she could speak, "before your respective eyes quite start from your respective heads, or Tom lands himself in still more hopeless difficulties. The joke was mine, Tom. Kitty knew nothing about it. I borrowed a baby of about the same size and coloring as Tony—"

"It's no such thing," interrupted Mrs. Villars, indignantly. "I never saw two babies less alike."

"From a poor woman in my district," continued Maisie, not heeding the interruption. "Dressed it up in some of Tony's things, and—Tom, you know the rest."

Tom was a sensible as well as a good-natured man. He saw that the laugh had gone hopelessly against himself, and that to betray anger and annoyance would only make him look more foolish. At the same time, he could not trust himself to keep control of his temper in the presence of triumphant Maisie, so he showed his discretion by dropping the borrowed infant into the nearest chair, and making himself immediately scarce.

When he was gone, Maisie told the whole story to her sister.

"You see," she said at the end of her narrative, "Singleton was in the secret, and so was Ch—Captain Goring. So there was no danger of the baby being suffocated. But don't tell Tom that, mind."

"It was a great shame upon Tom," said Kittie, taking side now, as ungrateful women will, with the husband against whose ill treatment she had just been vindicated. "I wonder you could play him such a horrid trick." "Pooh! Serve him right," retorted Maisie, with a toss of her head. "I will teach him, for the future, not to treat you as a nursery maid."

It did.—London Truth.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

There are fireproof stockings.
Gold in circulation—\$75 tons.

Twenty deer are assessed as "live stock" at \$2 a head in Stauben, Me.

Lucy Gossett, colored, of Mount Sterling, Ky., admits her 105 years.

A New York paper calls for some invention that will make shipwrecks safe.

There recently died in the Missouri Penitentiary a man who was totally blind, and yet a thief of considerable expertness.

In the Pere La Chaise Cemetery, at Paris, one of the keepers was found recently to have been cultivating vegetables on the graves.

The Duke of Edinburgh, when a midshipman, used to cut the signature of Queen Victoria out of his letters and put it up at auction.

Edison's great grandfather lived to the age of 102. His grandfather died at 103 and one of his aunts at 105, while his own father is still alive at ninety.

In 1630 no gentleman, either in England, or France or Germany, thought for a moment of going abroad without his cloak, even in the hottest days of summer.

A North Sea codman carries an outfit of lines which extend eight miles in length, and has usually fixed upon it the amazing number of 4630 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

There is a gang of boys in Philadelphia who make fun for themselves and great trouble for the motormen by running in front of the electric cars and throwing themselves into the fenders.

An unusual growth is noticed in the garden of George D. Coit, at Norwich, Conn. A wistaria vine has entwined itself around an elm so tightly that it is gradually strangling the growth out of the latter.

Stockings are first mentioned in literature as being worn in Italy about the year 1100. They are alluded to as a great invention and far superior to the former practice of wrapping the feet in cloth bandages.

Ontario, Cal., has a woman who is sixty-six years old and has had thirteen children, ten of whom, with her husband, are living. Her grand children aggregate the neat total of fifty-six, and there are six grand-grandchildren. Notwithstanding this startling array of progeny, the old lady has to work out and support herself.

A single log, thirty-two feet long, six and one-half feet in diameter, and containing 10,158 feet of lumber, was cut from a tree felled in Mason County, Washington, the other week. This log was cut off twenty-five feet from the butt of the tree. Several short logs measuring eleven feet in diameter were cut from the lower part.

BIG SERPENTS IN JAVA.

SOME A HUNDRED FEET LONG AND LARGE AROUND AS A HOGSHEAD.

Adventure With an Immense Python—Blows That Crushed a Raft and Broke a Man's Back.

THERE are in the world five great collections of snakes. One of them is in Washington and belongs to Uncle Sam. The others are in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, all owned by the Governments. Not one, however, has a snake as long as those found in Java. For years there have been traditions of snakes—pythons, presumably—in Java 100 feet long and as big around as a hogshead. Native hunters say they see them from time to time.

Fifty years ago a Scotchman named Tait started with a party of natives to hunt these big snakes. Not one of the party came back. A Captain in the English Army, named Coles, landed in Java, accompanied by Sikh soldiers. He was joined by Lieut. Ayres, of the British Navy. It was announced that they were going after big snakes. Capt. Coles was a remarkable shot. Their course was up the Dowan, a stream running clear for fifty miles and then spreading over a swamp for 100 miles, almost to the south coast, and alive with man-eating crocodiles. They had several donkeys. One night, while encamped on the river bank, one of these animals squealed frantically. The Englishmen saw a huge gray mass sliding over the sand and gave the alarm. Two crocodiles had come ashore and seized the donkey. Both were shot. They were thirty feet long, with enormous jaws. The next morning the hunters killed thirteen, one being thirty-six feet long.

In a few days they reached the heart of the swamp. Snakes thirty-five feet long were shot, but the 100-foot snakes kept out of sight. The brush is thick, and wild hogs and deer make paths from one watercourse to another. Along these paths the snakes watch for victims. A native hunter reported a big snake near by. Two hundred yards away the Englishmen found it swinging between trees. Its back was broken by a shot and it was taken in and skinned. It was forty-one feet long. Near the head of the river the vegetation was so dense that further progress was impossible. So a camp was made on the bank. The next day the guides brought in the head and a few feet of the trunk of a serpent that had evidently been eaten by crocodiles. The head was nearly three feet long and indicated an enormous length of body. Shortly after this a Sikh soldier pointed to something glistening in the water half a mile away. Through a glass it was seen to be a snake swimming. A raft was at once manned by the two Englishmen and their gun-bearers. Seen above the water, the reptile's head was as long as a barrel and shone like bright copper. It made for shallow water and displayed a body three feet in diameter. Four shots were fired. Three went through the body. The snake raised its head and hissed angrily and beat the water into foam with its tail. Suddenly it turned, and the next moment a tremendous blow smashed the raft. All but one Sikh made for shore. The Sikh tried to secure his rifle. The snake's tail descended, struck him, broke his back and crushed all of his ribs. Another shot back of the head from Lieutenant Ayres killed the snake.

It took six hours to remove the body to dry land. Its length was ninety-four feet. The skin was treated with palm ashes by the natives, an excellent preservative. There is no record of such a snake ever being killed before. Fever attacked the hunters, and they killed no more big snakes. It took them three weeks to get home. They were out three months. Their experiences are of great value from a scientific point, and the story of their trip is being prepared for the information of those in charge of the five great snake collections.

Cat Adopts a Young Rat.

Down at the camp of Section 9 on the Chicago Drainage Canal they were troubled with rats, says the Lemont (Ill.) Observer, and in order to exterminate the pest brought several cats there. One day a nest of young rats was found and given to a mother cat and her little kittens. All the rats were devoured but one, singular to relate, was allowed to live. In fact it was made one of the kitten family, and allowed the same privilege of nursing as the little kittens. It is their inseparable companion, sharing their home and sport, and going whither it will, unharmed by cat or kitten. It has become a household pet, and is as much like the kittens in its habits as could well be imagined. This is not a "fish story," but is vouched for by several in town who have gone out to Section 9 to see this most curious exemplification of the lamb and lion lying down together. It is beyond human ken to fathom the motives that prompted Mrs. Cat and her kittens to spare the rat's life and make it one of them.

George W. McMillan, of St. Louis, can repeat the whole of the Bible word for word.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 2, 1895.

Mr. E. Turke, the head chemist of a sugar refinery at Chino, Cal., has recently been making some experiments which have resulted in the completion of the oddest pavement ever laid. It is made mostly of molasses, the kind used having been a refuse product hitherto believed to be utterly worthless. It is simply mixed with a certain kind of sand to about the consistency of asphalt, and laid like asphalt pavement. The composition dries quickly and becomes permanently hard. The heat of the sun, instead of softening it makes the pavement harder and drier. A block of the composition successfully withstood repeated blows of a machine hammer, and showed no signs of cracking or bending. Should the pavement prove to be all that is claimed the sugar planters of the South may find a profitable market for the millions of gallons of useless molasses which they are said to have on hand.

Although difficult to believe, it is nevertheless true that the death of two half-sisters, the daughters of the same father, occurred 170 years apart. The grandfather of the British Minister, Charles James Fox, Sir Stephen Fox, married in 1654, and had a daughter born to him in 1655, who died in the course of the same year. He had several other children, who grew up and married, but all of them died before their father, and without issue. Sir Stephen, not wishing his large fortune fall into the hands of distant relatives, married again at a very advanced age, and his youngest daughter was born in 1727. She reached the age of 98 years and died in 1825, that is, 170 years after the death of her oldest sister. She saw Queen Victoria when the latter was a child, while her half-sister was carried in the arms of Oliver Cromwell.

Although acquitted of the murder of a neighbor, Kimball Green, of Steelville, Mo., was strung up by a mob, but managed to cut himself down and will prosecute the would-be lynchers.

Attached by George Robinson, keeper of the Brandenburg (Ky.) workhouse, Bland Shacklett, a commissioner, shot him dead.

A great rain storm at El Paso, Tex., washed away miles of railroad track and several bridges.

JURORS FOR AUGUST.

GRAND JURY.—Robert S. Bream, Cumberland township; Edward Bream, Menallen twp.; George W. Cook, Wm. B. Hunter, Gettysburg; Wm. F. Eicholtz, J. C. Pittenturf, Tyrone; Joseph Fink, John Mayers, John B. Shorb, Ephraim Stavelly, Littlestown; Michael Geiselman, Bernard S. Jenkins, Mountpleasant; Joseph Hoover, Henry G. Wehler, Hamilton; S. S. W. Hammers, Highland; John H. Kugler, Liberty; Daniel Kline, Frank Unger, Union; John Mowry, David Toot, Butler; Elias Spangler, Franklin; Geo. C. Shively, New Oxford; Abram M. Waybright, Freedom; Wm. Weaver, McSherrystown.

SMALL JURORS.
Samuel Bucher, Samuel E. Menges, Germany; Joseph Baker, Liberty; Samuel S. Baker, Michael Ebersole, D. Grove, Adam Kimmel, Geo. F. Miller, Oliver F. Neely, S. Emory Taughinbaugh, Reading; Andrew Brough, Reuben S. Wert, Menallen; Amos Bream, Isaac Howe, George W. Myers, Amos Slaybaugh, Huntingdon; Jas. B. Barnes, Berwick twp.; D. S. Coleman, George Decker, John Kemper, Wm. H. Lott, Straban; Chas. C. Clapsaddle, Peter W. Eppley, Mountjoy; Lucien Hietzel, Mountpleasant; John M. Hare, Granville Stultz, Highland; Jessie T. Hummer, Franklin; Michael Hoffheins, Hamilton; Emanuel J. Izer, Cornelius Lott, Cumberland; David H. Kiracofe, John H. Zumbur, Union; C. D. Taughinbaugh, New Oxford; Daniel Kinneman, Berwick twp.; Joel B. Musselman, J. Upton Neely, Hamiltonban.

At Uniontown, there is a novel suit over a calf. Howard Sturgis farmed Captain Husted's farm for one-half the products. Husted's wife pastured a cow on the farm and the cow had a calf, which Sturgis claimed a half interest in as a product of the farm, and sold the calf to a butcher. Husted refused to deliver it and the butcher sued. The justice decided it was not a product of the farm and gave judgment for Husted. The case will be taken to court and promises to become celebrated.

J. Waters Blandon, Guy Brown and Chas. Lynch, aged respectively 13, 15 and 14 years, were killed by being run over by a train at Riverview, Md., Saturday.

LUTHERAN RE-UNION.

The ninth annual re-union of the Lutheran Church held at Pen-Mar last Thursday was attended by about 8,000 people. The territory comprised Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia and the District of Columbia. Special excursion trains were run from Baltimore, Westminster, Gettysburg and Shippensburg on the Western Maryland Railroad and from Harrisburg on the Cumberland Valley railroad.

The pavilion where the exercises took place was draped with bunting of red, white and blue and the Maryland colors, yellow and black, and profusely decorated with flags. The choir of St. John's Lutheran church, of Hagerstown, composed of thirty-five voices, under the leadership of Prof. Edwin C. Hoover, and Prof. John Zeigler's Pen-Mar orchestra furnished the music. Rev. W. C. Wire, of Littlestown, presided.

Sheriff Sales.

On Saturday, Aug. 24th, Sheriff McIlhenny will sell at public sale at the Court house, Gettysburg, the following properties:

A lot of ground 60x170 feet in Oxford township, improved with a new brick house—property of Harry Breighner.

A lot of ground in Hunterstown 60x240 feet and improvements, and 3 acres of land in Straban township—property of Jacob Galloway.

The defendant's interest in a lot of ground and improvements in Gettysburg—property of Keller Essick.

From Granite Hill.

A double wedding took place at Gettysburg on last Thursday, the contracting parties being Mr. Harry Golden and Miss Josephine Stump, and Daniel Golden and Miss Ida Inesick, all of York. They arrived on the 10 o'clock train and a hack awaited them at the depot. They drove to the Courthouse, procured their license, and then drove to the U. B. parsonage, where they were married by Rev. D. W. Sellenberger. The party was then taken to Mr. Luther Golden's where a sumptuous dinner was prepared for them. In the afternoon they were driven over the battlefield, and left on the evening train for their homes in York. Among those present were Emanuel Golden and wife, parents of the grooms, and Mrs. Charles Golden, of this place.

Mrs. Jacob Toot and daughter spent Tuesday evening at J. H. Dutton's.

Mrs. Catharine Miller visited at Harry McDannel's last week.

Mrs. John Dutton and sisters Maggie and May, and Mr. Ephraim Miller, spent Thursday at Pen Mar.

Levi Guise and wife, of near Ground Oak, visited Mrs. Eliza Herman this week.

C. G. Miller and wife and Mrs. J. W. Beamer were the guests of D. S. Coleman on Sunday.

Philip Beamer and family visited at E. E. Rinehart's.

William Minter and family spent Sunday afternoon at J. W. Herman's.

Miss Sallie Lott is spending some time with Miss Cora Fickes.

Mrs. Martin Sheeler is very ill at this writing.

J. B. Cressler, of near Shippensburg, recently completed what was intended to be a flying machine, but which on trial did not prove to be one. It is said that the work was ingenious, and was made with silk wings, and a framework of steel and hickory.

EXECUTOR'S SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

On Wednesday, August 28th, 1895, the undersigned, executor of the estate of Jacob HEMLER, late of Mountpleasant twp., Adams co., Pa., deceased, will sell at public sale on the premises, A VERY DESIRABLE FARM, situated in Mountpleasant township, Adams county, on Kilpatrick road leading from the Yorkville to New Oxford and Bonneauville road, about 2 miles from the former place, 3/4 miles southeast of New Oxford, 2 miles North of Bonneauville, and 1/2 mile from Sugarstown, containing 107 Acres and 69 Paces, about 8 acres of which are covered with oak and hickory timber, adjoining lands of John Kerrigan, Charles Strbaugh, F. H. Wagaman and others, improved with a new two-story Weatherboarded Dwelling House, (28x36ft.) with cellar and basement, out-house, spring house with never-failing spring of water, Frame Barn 60x55ft., with wagon shed and corn crib attached, newly renovated, chicken house, and all other necessary out-buildings, and there are three springs of water near the buildings which furnish pure water for all purposes. There is also a fine young apple orchard and plenty of fruit of all kinds on the premises. The land is in a No. 1 state of cultivation and under good fencing. The real estate is a desirable farm and should command the attention of buyers. The buildings are mostly new, lay high, and the public road passes between the house and barn. It is convenient to churches, markets, mills and stores. Any person wishing to view the property can do so by calling on A. C. HEMLER, residing thereon. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. Terms made known by HENRY J. HEMLER, Executor.

PUBLIC SALE

OF A DESIRABLE HOME.

On Thursday, August 29th, 1895, the undersigned Administrators of the estate of JOHN HAINES, late of Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will sell at public sale on the premises, THE HOME PROPERTY of said deceased, situated in Oxford township, Adams county, Pa., at the edge of New Oxford borough on road leading from New Oxford to Carlisle place, containing 13 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of J. T. Ruff, Peter Ginter, and others, improved with a Two-story Brick House, with back building, smoke house, good Frame Barn, wagon shed, hog pen, corn crib, 2 never-failing wells of water—one at the house and the other at the barn, good apple orchard and fruit of all kinds. The land is a good state of cultivation and under good fencing. Buildings are all good. This is a most desirable property, convenient to churches, schools, stores, markets, &c., and should command the attention of buyers. Any person wishing to view the property can do so by calling on Charles Brown, residing thereon. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. Terms by HENRY HAINES, Administrators.

Small Farm

AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned offers his farm at private sale, situated in Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., on the road leading from Carlisle turnpike to Pine Run School house. The farm is known as the Potter Miller's farm. It contains about six acres, under good cultivation and fencing, improved with a good 1 1/2 story frame house, Potter's shop and kiln, smoke house, hog pen, box stable and a good low-built barn and a good well at the basement door. The fruit of all kinds at the premises. Terms reasonable. Apply to the undersigned, or to the trustees, CHARLES BROWN and P. O. address, New Oxford, Pa.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction of money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dieks

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DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
MILLER BUILDING, NEW OXFORD, PA.
Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty. 6apr95.

DR. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST.—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bange—No. 5 CARLISLE ST., HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST.
Office and residence, 211 NORTH ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.
Will be at Sunday's Hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. 28jun95ly.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH. McCLEAN.
Late Pres. Judge.
WM. & WM. ARCH. McCLEAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Offices west side of Baltimore street, third door from Centre Square.

J. L. KENDLEHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Lately practicing in Philadelphia, has removed to Gettysburg, and resumed practice in the several courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the Court house, in the room recently occupied by Hon. S. Mc Swope. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to.

WM. HERSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite Court House, in room lately occupied by Hon. S. Mc Swope.

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank. 10oct91.

J. L. WILLIAMS,
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WM. McSHERRY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite the court-house.

J. L. BUTT,
Attorney-at-Law, Gettysburg, Pa., Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore st. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveyancing, liens and collections.

J. A. KITZMILLER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public, Gettysburg. Office on second floor of Spangler building on Baltimore street. Will promptly attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Breneman's Drug Store.

WM. P. QUIMBY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams co., Pa. Office with Hon. David Willis, southeast corner of the Diamond. 12seot90.

D. McCONAUGHY'S
Law, Loan and Real Estate Offices, No. 13 Baltimore St., 1st door, 2d floor, Gettysburg, Pa.

In connection with the practice of Law will do a Real Estate and Loan Business. Sale books opened to all desiring to buy Real Estate, without charge for reference. Both parties desiring to make and parties desiring obtain loans will receive prompt attention. Attention given to Pension claims under Act of June 27, 1890, and all other acts, and other claims against the U. S. Government. Also can be made of the most reliable investments paying above 6 per cent. guaranteed. Apply personally or by letter to D. McCONAUGHY, Gettysburg, Pa.

HOTELS.

NATIONAL HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE H. LITTLE, PROPRIETOR.
All modern conveniences. Choicest wines, liquors, and cigars. Beautiful lawn and shade trees. Ample stabling. Moderate rates. Free Street, convenient to depot. 29mch95ly.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE SUNDAY, Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and re-unfurnished. The bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling. 24jan90ly.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Gettysburg
ELIAS FISSEL, PROPRIETOR.
The hotel has lately been improved and refitted. The bar and floor. Restaurant connected with the hotel, where everything in season will be served to gentleman on first floor and ladies on second. Bar stocked with all new goods. First-class hostler will take best care of transient horses. Opposite W. M. Depot, and ONE SQUARE FROM P. & R.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Littlestown,
JAS. W. OCKER, Proprietor.
Centrally located, being on the northwest corner of the Diamond. Large sample rooms. Heated throughout. Terms moderate.

NATIONAL HOUSE, East Berlin,
WM. SUNDAY, Proprietor.
Permanent and transient boarding at reasonable rates. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and an attentive hostler. 22aug90.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg,
Second floor from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the above well known Central Hotel, I take pleasure in asking you to call and give me a trial. Special rates to jurors and persons attending court.—satisfaction guaranteed, as I am confident that you will again patronize me after giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the market affords. Respectfully, JAMES O. McCAVITT, Prop'r.

Hotel Columbus, McSherrystown,
J. H. McMASTER, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown,
Geo. W. RUFFLE of J. Proprietor.
At the Railroad, on Baltimore street. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all the business places. Large sample rooms. Good stabling and attentive hostler. Moderate rates.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

Mid-Summer Dry Goods!

The fact that we are constantly changing our stock makes this a store where always the **NEWEST** can be found. The great amount of goods we handle make this the place where the **LOWEST** prices are always given.

WASH DRESS FABRICS!

are the ruling thing now. All the best and most desirable things—all through the season.

CLEANING UP.—We are at all times cleaning up now and getting ready for Fall—one season overlaps the next. **SPECIAL BARGAINS** now in every department.

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CARPETS, MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS.

Our stock is large and prices are lower than ever.

Homemade carpets

from 25c to 60c. per yard.

Ingrain Carpets

from 20c. to 75c. per yard.

Mattings

from 10c. per yard up.

Oil Cloths

from the cheapest to the best.

E. C. STOCK,

SWARTZ BUILDING, NEW OXFORD.

EMMERT & BRO., NEW OXFORD, PA.

DO YOU KNOW?

That we have the finest line of SHOES in town, of the latest styles—tan or black—for Men, Ladies and Children? Come and see our window display.

That we have just received a full line LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS—in white, black and the latest colors and figures—made in the latest style and ranging in price from 25 to 75 cents?

That we have just opened a complete line of the latest styles of STRAW HATS? The prices are right.

That our line of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c., are sold at Rock Bottom prices, and that everything in the store, in all departments are strictly "up to date"?

If You Don't Know

all these things, a visit to our store will quickly convince you of the truth thereof. May we look for you in?

Respectfully,

EMMERT & BRO.

P. S.—We almost forgot to say that we give you your choice of 100 different premiums when your cash purchases amount to \$25. Ask for a card.

BIG PROFITS Small Investments.

Returning prosperity will make many rich, but nowhere can they make so much within a short time as by successful speculation in Grain, Provisions and stock.

\$10.00 FOR EACH DOLLAR INVESTED can be made by our Systematic System of Speculation

originated by us. All successful speculators operate on a regular system.

It is a well-known fact that there are thousands of men in all parts of the United States who, by systematic trading through Chicago brokers, make large amounts every year, ranging from a few thousand dollars for the man who invests a hundred or two hundred dollars up to \$50,000 to \$100,000 or more by those who invest a few thousands.

It is now a fact that those who make the largest profits from comparatively small investments on this plan are persons who live away from Chicago and invest through brokers who thoroughly understand systematic trading.

Our plan does not risk the whole amount invested on any trade, but covers both sides, so that whether the market rises or falls it brings a steady profit that piles up enormously in a short time.

WRITE FOR CONVINCING PROOFS, also our Manual on successful speculation and our Daily Market Report, full of money-making pointers. ALL FREE. Our Manual explains margin trading fully. Highest references in regard to our standing and success.

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THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

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JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

OFFICE in Sunday's Hall, second floor, adjoining the Eagle Hotel, Centre Square.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 2, 1895.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Some miscreant has been poisoning dogs and cats at Gettysburg.

Gettysburg has levied a school tax of 2½ mills and a building tax of 1 mill.

The M. E. congregation, of this place, picnicked at Kohler's dam on Tuesday.

Etta Coulson, of Reading twp., cut her hand badly last week with a butcher knife.

The Odd Fellows of Adams county will have a re-union at Round Top Park, August 17th.

The Wagner & Swartz creamery, Hanover, separated 31,318 lbs. of milk in 11 hours and 52 minutes.

Capt. A. W. Eichelberger has purchased a power cider press to be placed at his mill near this place.

B. F. Snyder, who is known as the champion cigarmaker of Bittersville, York county, made 1500 cigars on Monday.

Mr. Cornelius Aumen, of Gettysburg, recently lost a very fine horse from lock-jaw, caused by running a nail into its foot.

Harry Yake, of Hendrix station, had his arm badly bruised by getting it squeezed between the shafts and a horse, while hooking up.

Judge Gulden, of Straban twp., has a cow that gave birth to twin calves said to resemble each other so closely that they cannot be told apart.

The Green Spring and Red Hill Sunday schools will hold their annual celebration in Hendrix's grove, at Hendrix station, Saturday, Aug. 10.

Mr. Wetzell, tenant on the farm of Albert Jones, of Mt. Airy district, Carroll county, Md., had seven horses killed by lightning in his pasture field last Saturday afternoon.

E. R. Chronister has his canvas cider press at Hendrix Station, in first-class running order and is at all times ready to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage.

Wm. Byers, of near Weldon Post-office, Md., had his two valuable horses killed by lightning, last Friday evening. The horses were in a field standing under a tree which was struck.

During the storm last Saturday, lightning struck the barn on Daniel Hartman's farm, near Emmitsburg, and set the building on fire. The entire structure with its contents were consumed.

The young son of Wm. Bartle, of near Clearspring, Md., while following a grass mower in his father's field came in contact with the knives of the machine, and had one leg cut off and the other badly lacerated.

The subscriber has his canvas cider press in Mountpleasant twp., now in running order and is ready to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. M. LIVINGSTON.

Harry Flickinger, residing along the Littlestown pike about 2 miles east of Littlestown, met with a painful accident recently. He was trucking his binder when it fell and crushed his hand, making two ugly wounds.

FOR SALE.—A new horse power, for 1 or 2 horses, suitable for an ice cream or chair manufacturer; will be sold cheap. Call on or address M. D. DIENL, New Oxford.

Geo. P. Buckley, the wealthy banker of Union Bridge, Md., has given checks of \$5,000 each to his sister and brother and their descendants, altogether numbering twenty persons, the amount thus distributed aggregating \$100,000.

"Mamma, was that a sugar plum you just gave me?" asked little Mabel. "No, dear, it was one of Dr. Ayer's Pills." "Please, may I have another?" "Not now, dear; one of those nice pills is all you need at present, because every dose is effective."

The Lutheran congregations of this place and McSherrystown picnicked in Kohler's woods, near town, on Wednesday.

The cigar-makers strike at McSherrystown is about over. S. L. Johns having put all his hands to work again. The strike at C. H. Busby's factory has not been settled.

Last week while playing ball A. Danner Buehler, of Gettysburg, broke the sheath of one of the muscles in his right leg. The injury is very painful and has laid him up temporarily.

On Thursday last the oldest person in the county died—Mrs. Susanna Schlosser, of near Arendtsville, widow of the late Jacob Schlosser. She was 100 years, 6 months and 26 days old.

While on a visit with her mother to relatives in Camden, N. Y., Ruth, daughter of Constable Charles Wilson, of Gettysburg, fell from a tricycle and broke one of the bones in her left fore arm.

There was a large crowd at the Conewago picnic on Tuesday. It is said that the attendance was hardly as large as former years, but if the New Oxford picnic has as large a crowd we'll bet a big apple that Father Hemler will be satisfied.

By action of the Commissioners, last Tuesday, the property of the Sisters of St. Joseph, McSherrystown, was exempted from taxation, except two lots on which there are buildings. The tract donated to the town for a public park was also exempted.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay—try it to-day.

Last Friday, Robert, the 12 year old son of Levi Sterner, of near Orrtanna, was leading a horse to the water trough, when it began to kick. The lad was kicked squarely on the forehead just above the eyes and was thrown into convulsions. The lad is recovering.

People who use 4-inch tire wagons in hauling 2,000 pound loads can get a 25 per cent. rebate of their 1896 road tax, the reduction to be limited to each tax payer to five days' work. Persons applying for the reduction must make oath, administered by the supervisor.

Jacob M. Gulden, son of Mr. John Gulden, of this place, fireman on the W. M. railroad, recently had an exciting battle with a large copperhead snake at Berlin Junction. The snake escaped but Mr. Gulden was fortunate in not being bitten. He was flagging a train and had no weapon but the flag stick.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, although urged by directors and patrons of the schools at Gallitzin to accept positions as teachers and test the constitutionality of the Garb bill, declined to do so, giving as a reason that they will not violate a law of the State, however unjust or unconstitutional they may regard it.

Charles S. McCullough, of Gettysburg, and Abraham Senft, of Red Land, have each obtained an original pension. The pensions of Geo. Johns, Cumberland twp.; Jos. E. Kelly, Gettysburg; Louis N. Brady, Iristown; Hezekiah Golden, York Springs; and Wm. F. Baltzley, McKnightstown, has been "re-issued" (reduced).

Harry, aged 13 years, son of Jacob Rohrer, of near Rohrer'sville, Md., met with a fatal accident last Tuesday evening. With a lad named Smith he was riding on a wagon, and the two began playing boyish pranks. Young Rohrer fell off, his head striking the road, and causing concussion of the brain. He died in about an hour.

Accident at a Church.

Sunday morning, as the people were leaving St. Luke's church, between Bonneauville and White Hall, a horse belonging to Jos. S. Sheely, which was hitched to a buggy in which was seated two young ladies, started to run as Mr. Sheely attempted to get into the buggy, and made a wild dash across the road. Jacob N. Swartz had placed his wife in his buggy and untied his horse when Sheely's horse dashed into Swartz buggy, throwing Mrs. Swartz out and smashing one of the wheels. Mr. S. quickly picked up his wife, to find her not seriously injured, although considerably bruised and severely shocked. Swartz's horse stood perfectly still until Sheely's horse and buggy were secured and separated from the wreck. It was a perilous situation for a few moments, and to the quietness of Mr. Swartz's horse belongs the credit of preventing most serious results, as the vicinity was full of vehicles at the time.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Adkin Wolf and wife, of Aaronsburg, Pa., are spending a few days with Mrs. W.'s father, Mr. A. Sheely, and friends in town. Mr. H. C. Sanders and wife, of Gettysburg, were also the guests of Mr. Sheely, over Sunday.

Mr. Ed. V. Sheely, of Philadelphia, spent several days with his father and friends in town.

George Sherman, of Westminster, was among the visitors in town on Monday.

Mrs. J. E. Myers and son Charles and wife and daughter spent several days with L. E. Myers and family, at Williams' Mill.

John Folkheimer and family, of Spring Grove, spent Sunday with C. M. Deatrick and family, this place.

Mrs. J. F. Blair, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. Kate Turns, of Tyrone, spent several days with friends in town.

Mrs. Wm. Shane and daughter, of Washington, D. C., is spending some time with friends in this place.

Mrs. Wm. G. Smyser left on Monday for Ocean Grove, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. F. G. Stark and son George, of Hanover, where they will spend about two weeks. Mr. Smyser, of Topeka, will meet his wife at that place and go to Atlantic city. Mrs. Stark and son returning to their home. After spending a few weeks at Atlantic City they will return to New Oxford to spend a few weeks before leaving for their home at Topeka, Kansas.

Rev. Keith and wife, of Gettysburg, spent Monday with Mrs. Keith's father, W. D. Himes, Esq.

Mrs. Kilpatrick, of, Missouri, who was taken sick at the home of her father, Mr. W. D. Himes, several weeks ago, is able to be up again.

Mr. Benjamin Eicholtz and daughter Vertie, are visiting the Coffin family at Ocean City, Md.

Miss Missouri Wine, of Glenville, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. G. N. Warner, Pitt St.

Mr. Bortner and family, of Mt. Etna, are the guests of Dr. Sheetz and family.

Miss Flora Hay, of York, and Miss Lillie Hay, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mrs. E. C. Stock, Philadelphia street.

Mrs. V. S. Robinson and children, of Baltimore, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Rev. Lewis Brown, of Washingtonville, Pa., is visiting his father, Mr. Solomon Brown, near town.

Mr. Leo Codori, of Gettysburg, is spending the week at Squire Steffy's, Carlisle street.

Miss Bernadetta Steffy is visiting friends in Littlestown.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be preaching in St. Paul's Lutheran church next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school at 8:45 a. m.; Y. P. S. O. E. at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock; Ladies Missionary Society will meet on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

REV. F. HESSE, Pastor.

There will be two Masses in the Catholic church next Sunday morning—both Low Masses, one at 7:30 and the other at 10 o'clock.

REV. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Rev. Lewis Brown, of Washingtonville, will preach in St. Paul's Reformed church next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Base Ball.

A game of base ball was played on Saturday last at Granite Hill, between the Hunterstown and Granite clubs, resulting in a victory for Granite in a score of 16 to 5. The renowned Jacob Toot is the captain of the team and is their catcher, and on Saturday proved that he can catch ball as well as frogs. We have not heard whether or not, Peter, of Berwick, was present. The New Oxford club expect to play the Granite club on our grounds before long and then we will be enabled to see the game played scientifically.

New Oxford now delights in a base ball team, and with little practice we believe we can "do" the Pets of Hanover. The club organized last week by electing Dr. E. H. Markley manager, and Jacob Miller captain, and they are now ready to meet all comers on the "diamond". The team is composed of good home material and we expect great things of the club.

While practicing on the ball ground on Monday Mr. Pius Miller was hit by a ball and the middle finger of his right hand burst open at the first joint. The wound, however, is healing nicely and we expect to see him take his place on the team when they have their first game here.

The game of base ball at Hagers-town on Monday between the Hanover and Hagerstown clubs, resulted in a score of 12 to 4 in favor of the latter.

Sudden Death.

Mrs. Eli Lingg, of Oxford township, died very suddenly at her home about ¾ of a mile from this place on Tuesday morning about 4 o'clock. Mrs. Lingg was hale and hearty and always enjoyed good health. On Tuesday morning she arose, possibly to ascertain the time, and was absent but a few moments from her bed. Some time after her return to bed her husband called her and getting no response, he again called her more loudly than before. Again getting no response he aroused his family and she was carried out into the air and medical assistance hastily summoned, but before the doctor arrived life was extinct. It is believed that life had left the body before she was carried from her bed. She was in the 60th year of her age. Mrs. Lingg was a kind wife and mother as well as a good neighbor, and her sudden death is deeply deplored in the neighborhood. She was a faithful and devout member of the Catholic church. Her remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery in this place on Thursday morning, after a Solemn Requiem Mass in the church here, Rev. Father Hemler being the celebrant; Very Rev. Father Crotty of Littlestown, and Rev. Father Poin, of Hanover, being Deacon and Sub Deacon.

Recent Wills.

The last will and testament of Leah Thomas late of Franklin township, is as follows: "June 14 1895 My last will. I bequeath all my real and personal property together, mixed and singular, money and chattles, unto my husband, Amos R. Thomas."

Peter Sipling of Berwick borough, bequeaths all his property, personal and real to his beloved wife, Mary, for her life time and after her death he orders everything sold at public sale and the proceeds divided as follows: John Sipling, son of Peter Sipling, \$100, if he be alive at time of distribution; if not alive it is to be equally divided among Susan and Samuel Sowers and Elizabeth Legrome, wife of Geo. Legrome, share and share alike. If the proceeds from real estate are not sufficient for his wife Mary, "if she becomes enfeebled" he directs her to sell such part or parts as shall be necessary to meet the emergency of her case.

Jacob L. Dougherty, of Cumberland twp., willed and bequeathed all his estate to Mary E. Dougherty, his wife, for her use and maintenance of raising and keeping his family together; all the property to be hers absolute for use of herself and family.

Trouble over License.

The milkmen who serve the people of Littlestown were each fined \$10 and costs on Friday for not taking out licenses, as required in a borough ordinance. They also paid \$5 each for a license for one year, but then went to Gettysburg, and took counsel of Hon. Wm. McClean. What the result will be is not yet known. The milkmen consider it very unjust that they should be selected for taxation for delivering the products of their farms to the people, when all other farmers can peddle what they please through the streets of the town, without paying any taxation or license.

Winding Up.

Fifteen days more of the great closing out sale. Positively your last chance; time is most up. If you value your hard earned money, then do not wait. Everything is going fast; clothing being sold at one-third their value. Positively your last chance at this great sale, where clothing is going at next to nothing. You should take advantage of this great sale, as everything in Spring and Summer clothing must be sold and in a very short time. Come to the right place, the Boston Clothing House, lately opened near the Central Hotel, Hanover, Pa.

Property Holders Responsible.

It is announced that the Supreme Court of this State has rendered a decision to the effect that a property owner who has been notified to repair a sidewalk can be held responsible for an injury that may befall a pedestrian by reason of his neglect. This being so, damages may be collected of said owners when anybody brings suit to recover for broken limbs or other injuries.

Wm. G. Black, of Barlow, lost a valuable young horse by being gored by a cross cow.

Mrs. Margaret Dellinger, aged 73 years, committed suicide Thursday at the home of her son, Lawrence, in Horse Valley, Franklin county. Sitting on a bed she drew a big butcher knife across her throat and cut it from ear to ear. Her daughter-in-law found her in a pool of blood.

An Ugly Predicament.

The East Berlin News says: "On Tuesday Mr. John Swartz, the genial proprietor of the Washington House in Hanover, made a narrow escape from what might have been a fatal accident. He was out looking over the farm of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Spahr, the over-riding of which falls on his shoulders. While in one of the fields in his buggy, being unable to walk on account of some years ago having lost the use of his limbs, the lines while talking to one of the workmen, fell to the ground, and the horse in stamping at the flies, set his foot down on them in such a way as to jerk them with such force as to break the bridle, dropping from the animal's head to the ground. The horse is rather wild for Mr. Swartz to drive and as quick as he realized his freedom started at a wild gallop across the field. The feelings of Mr. Swartz must have been terrible, seeing in the buggy with the only thing possible for him to do being to wait for a termination to the wild ride. The field contains 14 acres and the horse circled around toward the bars, and on coming to them the one buggy wheel caught on the post. The harness tore and the horse was freed and the buggy by the sudden stop turned a somersault. The men in the field hurried to the spot and took Mr. Swartz out of the wreck and found him unconscious but fortunately his injuries were not very serious. He was taken home on a spring wagon and the buggy is being repaired. The horse ran on to barn on the farm."

A Famous Case Ended.

The Supreme Court at Philadelphia, Thursday decided the noted case of Mrs. Bollinger vs. John Gallagher and John P. Johns. This case was tried before Judge Latimer at York four times and was before the Supreme Court no less than three times. It is now finally decided against Johns and Gallagher.

In 1880, George Bollinger, of Carroll county, appeared at Hanover with a team consisting, besides a wagon and two sets of harness, of a horse and a mule, the property of Mrs. Bollinger. While at Hanover constable Gallagher attached the team on a suit of John P. Johns, horse dealer of McSherrystown, now in business in Baltimore. The team was attached as property of the husband, Mrs. Bollinger gave Johns and Gallagher notice that the team was her property, notwithstanding which the constable sold it. Mrs. Bollinger then brought action for trespass. The case was tried before Judge Latimer, and resulted in a verdict of \$465 for Mrs. Bollinger.

Judge Latimer then granted a new trial and the second verdict resulted in her favor, this time for \$350. The defendants then appealed to the Supreme Court, which sent the case back for retrial.

On the third trial at York, Judge Latimer gave instructions to the jury to find for Johns and Gallagher, which was done. Stewart, Niles & Neff, attorneys for Mrs. Bollinger, then appealed to the supreme court and the decision of the York court was reversed.

The fourth time the case was tried at York it again turned in the plaintiff's favor, the verdict being for \$465. This judgment is now affirmed by the decision rendered at Philadelphia.

The cost of all this litigation is several times the amount involved. The Bollingers are not well to do and would probably not have fought the case as long as they did had not a Maryland judge interested himself in their behalf and assisted them. A good deal of legal fight centered about the application of one of the Maryland statutes to the case. It seems one of the special laws of that State for married women provides that they can purchase property, but when a note is given therefor, it must be given jointly by husband and wife, while the ownership of the property is in the wife alone. The Supreme court ruled that this statute applied in this case.

Public Sales.

Bills for the following sales have been printed at this office:

Aug. 24th.—Real Estate of Levi Rattensperger, dec'd, in Tyrone and Reading twps.
Aug. 28th.—Real Estate of Jacob Hemler, dec'd, Mountpleasant twp.
Aug. 29.—Real Estate of John Haines, dec'd, in Oxford twp.
Aug. 31.—Real Estate of John Harbold, dec'd, in New Oxford Borough and Reading twps.
Aug. 31.—small farm of Barbara Wollet in Hamilton twp.
Sept. 14.—Personal property of J. H. Heagy, New Oxford Borough.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$0.03
No. 2 "....." 40
Raided "....." 41
Rye.....40 @ 43
Corn.....30 @ 43
Oats.....30 @ 32
Clover seed, per lb.....5 @ 7
Timothy seed.....1.50 @ 2.00
Timothy hay.....6.00 @ 8.00
Rye straw.....0.00 @ 8.00

MARRIED.

July 22, in Littlestown, by Rev. F. S. Lindaman, Frank J. Sponseller to Miss Mary C. Staley, both of Littlestown.

July 31st, at the residence of the bride's parents on High Street, this place, by Rev. F. Hesse, Mr. William H. Bollinger to Miss Lottie Buckmaster.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, 'vercos, &c., 5 cents a line.

July 27, in Baltimore, Miss Mary Camp, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Camp, lately of near this place, aged 24 years, 8 months and 12 days.

July 23, in Gettysburg, Mrs. George D. Thorn, aged 36 years.

July 26, in Gettysburg, Adam Forney, aged 82 years, 6 months and 8 days.

July 26, in Straban twp., Mrs. Dora, wife of William Kappes, aged 64 years.

July 17, in Cumberland township, Jacob L. Dougherty, aged 47 years, 5 months and 27 days.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Angler's Guide—Her Choice Faithless—The Imperious Hired Girl—A Humorous, Etc., Etc.

Burnish up the reel and rod, Straighten out the line, Take a spade and turn the sod— Fishin' gettin' blue, Tramp along to where they say Spooked beauties swish, Sit around for half a day— Go and buy your fish. —Buffalo Courier.

A HUMORIST.

A—"I fail to see how you can laugh at such a silly remark." B—"My dear fellow, I can't help it. I owe the man a hundred dollars."

UNDER THE BAN.

Teacher—"Speaking of imports, with what does Canada supply us?" Bright Boy—"Silver coins that won't pass in the horse-cars."—Judge.

HER CHOICE FAITHLESS.

"I love, and I am loved." "Then you must be perfectly happy." "But it isn't the same man!"—Life.

THE IMPERIOUS HIRED GIRL.

"Are you the boss here?" Mr. Meekly—"Do I look like a man that would allow his wife to get along without a cook?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

"When your son graduated did he leave anything behind him to enrich the traditions of the college?" "I guess so; his manners are gone."—Puck.

RATHER SNAPPY.

Man (to Baker Boy)—"What is your dog's name, sonny?" Baker Boy—"Ginger." Man—"Does Ginger bite?" Baker Boy—"Naw, Ginger snaps."—Atlanta Journal.

RAIL REPARTEE.

Trolley Car Conductor—"Settle now or get off." Dignified Citizen—"What do you take me for, sir?" Conductor—"Fi' cents, same as anybody else."—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT UP TO DATE.

Jones found Smith vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I always thought you wore patent leather?" "These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal position; "but the patent on them has expired."—Washington Pathfinder.

UNLIKE ALL OTHERS.

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry. "I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met." "How was that?" chorused the others. "She was the only woman I ever met who would have me."—Detroit Free Press.

HOW HE GOT IT.

"Did that farmer's wife give you the cold shoulder?" asked Wobbly Wibbles of his pal, as he came running down the road. "She didn't give it to me," replied Wiggley Waggles, with a grin, "I swipped it when her back was turned."

And, as he produced the remains of a fine piece of roast mutton from under his coat, his comrade saw the joke and joined in the laugh. —Brooklyn Eagle.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER.

"Please, sir," whistled the boy with two front teeth missing, "Minnie Williams's mother says Minnie can't come to school, 'cos she's got a stitch in her side."

"Who is Minnie Williams's mother?" the new school teacher asked. "She's the dressmaker."

The teacher turned reflectively to the blackboard.

"How wonderful are the influences of heredity," muttered he. —Rockland Tribune.

THE RULING PASSION.

"Gentlemen," said the college President at the meeting of the faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of football. It is bringing our grand old institution into disrepute."

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the President demanded the cause of it.

"News has been received," explained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that nine of our eleven will surely be back in college next year, and that our chances of beating Yale next fall are of the best."

"Good!" shouted the President, flushing with pleasure. "Er—I think—er, young gentlemen, we had better not be too—er—hasty in this matter."—Harlem Life.

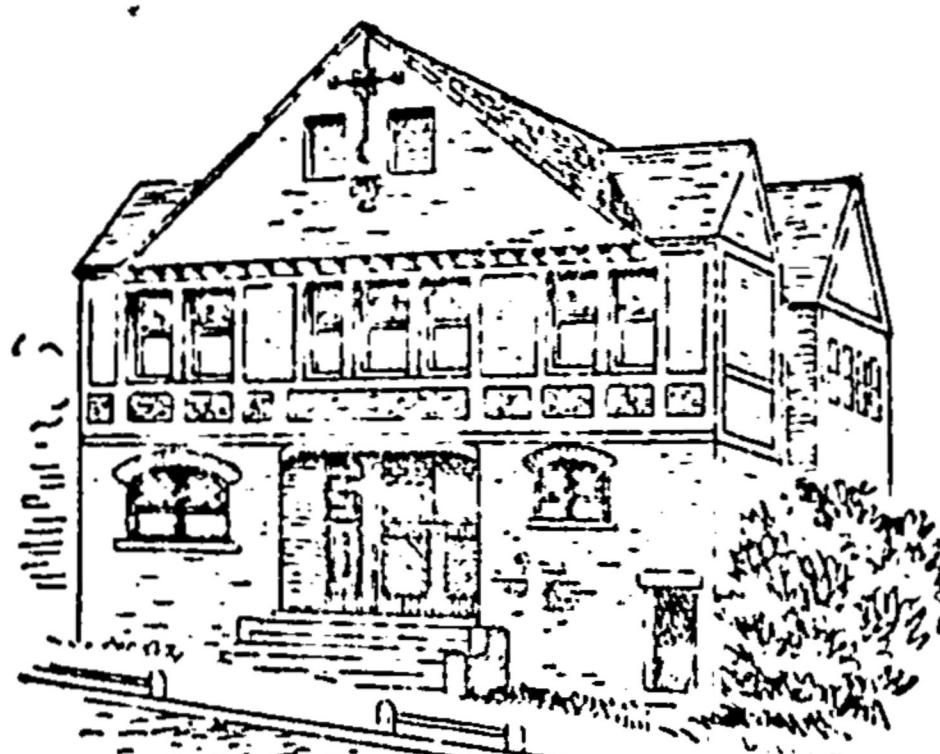
A Famous Old Store.

The famous old "Blue Store" in Roxbury, Mass., will soon be torn down. During Colonial times General Warren, it is said, occupied one floor of the old building as a dwelling. When undergoing repairs a number of years ago, one of the salesmen, Martin F. Curley, found among the rafters an old military coat with gold buttons, and one of the old residents claimed then that it was General Warren's coat.—New York World.

A Japanese Methodist Church.

The first Japanese church in America has been dedicated in San Francisco. Its outside is of birch, plaster and wood-carving. Its congregation consists of 300 Japanese Methodists, with a few Japanese girls of various sizes in charge of Miss Hewitt as chaperon.

Inside there is a strip of Japanese matting in the aisle and chairs take the place of regular seats. The pulpit has a gay red carpet, and there is a red curtain between the choir and the audience. There are Japanese vases of dull blue pottery with a stork design full of flowers. The audience room is plastered in the natural color, and the ceiling is finished with rafters that show. The windows have diamonds panes and are unstained, except one, which is a memorial to Dr. Otis Gibson, the first pastor of the



FIRST JAPANESE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

church. The organ is sometimes a couple of notes ahead or behind, but that makes no difference with the fervor of the singing.

The church is in the upper story. Below are the chapel, school-room and offices, with the dormitories of the mission in the rear. The mission boys have intelligent, well-bred faces.

The German Evangelical Presbyterian Missionary Society has recently opened a theological academy at Tokio, Japan. Its library has 9000 volumes.

Practical.



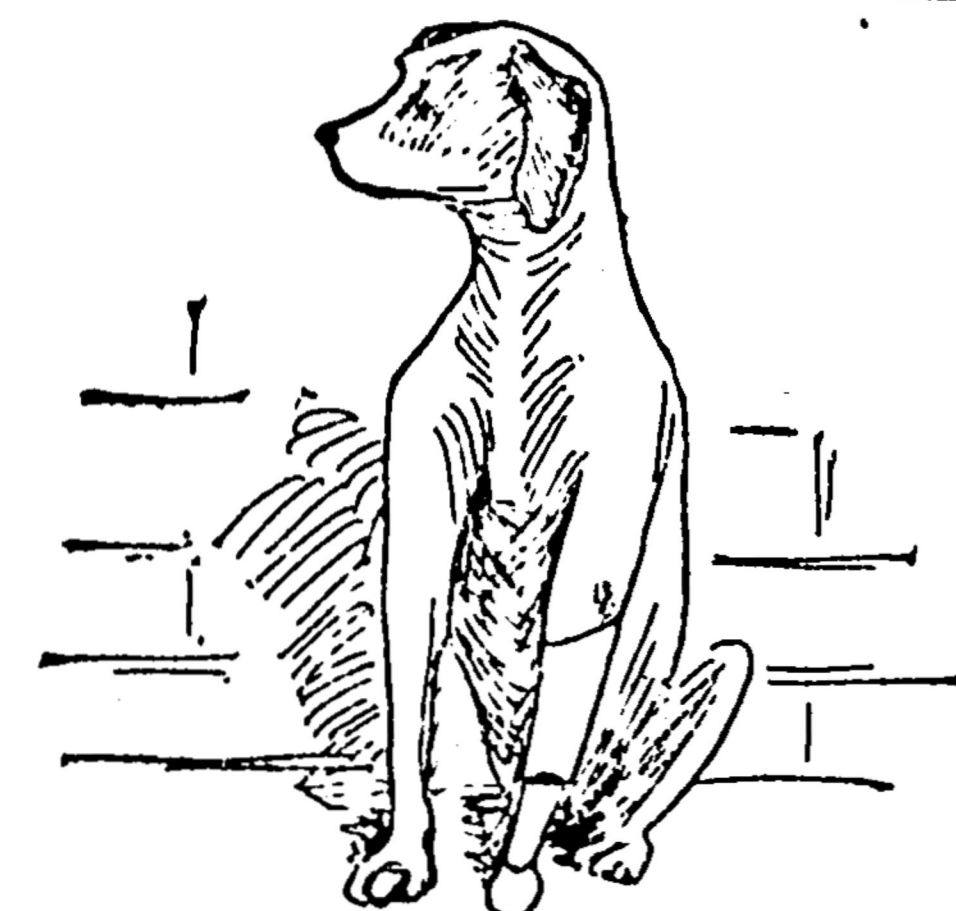
Farmer Jones—"What hev yer larned at college, son?"

Son—"Why, dad! I can throw the hammer further than any one there."

Farmer Jones—"Thet's good. I guess yer'll hev no trouble in gittin' er job in er blacksmith's shop then."—Judge.

A Dog With a Wooden Leg.

It is a wonderful dog, or, rather, she has a wonderful leg, which attracted much attention when she was



SHE HAS A BROOMSTICK LEG.

on view at the aquarium dog show in London.

It was made for her by her owner, Edward Mosely, of Regent street, rather more than a year ago, and is probably, says the London Sketch, the first instance of anything beyond a broomstick or pin leg, so to speak, being made for one of the lower animals.

Results From Electrical Treatment.

Some remarkable results from the treatment of patients by high, frequently alternating currents generated by induction have been placed before the French Academy of Sciences. The general health of the patients seemed to be beneficially influenced, and from day to day the following symptomatic improvements, making allowances for the slight differences of each particular case, were noted: Restoration of strength, return of appetite, return of sleep, increased cheerfulness and energy for work, the quieting of nervous symptoms, more ease in walking, appearance improved, etc. Subsequently, local troubles, either painful or involving loss of power, were gradually amended; thus a patient who had been reduced to complete powerlessness regained the use of her legs. Another who had been, through sharp and long continued pains, deprived of the control of her hand, completely regained the use of it. Combustion was increased, as was shown by the diminution in the amount of uric acid, while the proportion of urea rose. In three diabetic subjects, the quantity of sugar diminished considerably, even to the extent of disappearing altogether after a certain number of trials without any other treatment. These tests have amply confirmed what the foremost American electrotherapists have maintained and demonstrated in their practice, viz., that these currents have a powerful influence on the nutritive faculties, and on this account they constitute a mode of treatment of the highest value in a large number of functional disorders caused by inaction or perversion of the nutritive processes. —New York Times.

The Effect Startling.

I saw a cat last night that has a halo. The appearance is caused by a peculiar double growth of the fur, the second covering being longer and thinner than the close hair of the body. When this cat sat on a fence with two electric light shining on her head, while she sang sacred songs, the effect was startling. —Buffalo (N. Y.) Enquirer.

There are 70,000 acres given up to the cultivation of oysters along the Long Island Sound front of Connecticut and the land and plants are valued at \$4,000,000.

GREAT NOVELIST AND AGITATOR.



BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

One of the prime movers of the agitation now being so fiercely carried on for the separation of Norway from Sweden is the great Scandinavian novelist, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. With his pen and his voice he is laboring incessantly to bring about the independence of the Norwegians.

A SUMMER BRIDE.

DAINTY DRESSES MADE FOR A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

The Bridesmaids' Toilets, Morning Dresses, Afternoon Frocks and Dainty Notions in Lawns—Hats and Parasols Match.

A FASHION writer has had a view of the trousseau of a wealthy New York bride in the rooms of a metropolitan modiste. She says: First we saw the bridesmaids' toilets, and they were dainty and simple to a degree, which made them more artistic than modish—there is a great difference, you



FOR MORNING WEAR.

know. It is to be a white and yellow wedding, with yellow roses as the flowers.

The frocks were of white mousseline de soie, over white satin, and the skirts were absolutely untrimmed. Around the bottom was a deep hem

same lace as the berth, both being heirlooms, and a diamond sunburst was to fasten it directly in front, but no other jewels were to be worn.

The traveling gown and several of the prettiest of those just completed were exhibited next. The going-away dress was a pretty brown crepon, made with just a touch of white, and as the journey was only to be from one country place to another it was not necessary for the usual severe cloth dress to be worn. This brown crepon was very dainty and the arrangement of the bodice especially pleasing. The ruffles of crepon on the sleeves were an innovation, and were piped with white satin falling from elbow to wrist. The full Paquin blouse had a narrow piping of the white on either side of the front box plait, while the collar had a bang of the white placed directly in the middle and was covered with a brown net. The hat to complete the costume was a brown rough straw of the sailor shape, and the white satin rosettes and brown trimming of quills, with narrow roll of velvet, was very pretty. Pale tan snede gloves and a parasol of brown, with a white handle, were the finishing touches.

In the way of morning gowns, three were absolutely the prettiest and most summery toilets I have yet seen. One was a very sheer pink and white striped lawn, made with a trimming of narrow yellow lace, used both as an edging and insertion. The skirt had seven banks of insertion placed on the deep Spanish ruffle, reaching to the knee, and the bodice had a full blouse front, strapped with lace, while the sleeves were the leg-o'-mutton shape, with no adornment. The belt fastened to the skirt, which was worn over the bodice, was of a pink and white ribbon, and the collar was also fashioned of this, fastening at the back with a small bow.

A red and white gingham with white accessories was remarkably chic, and the red was a pure cerise.

Of the three my favorite was a green and white—a pale apple-green, with



DAINTY EVENING GOWN.

reaching half-way to the knees. The soft, full waist had immense bouffant sleeves to the elbow and was drawn down over the white satin lining with a slight fullness in the front; while the collar was a ruffled band of the mousseline with rosettes at either side. Around the waist was drawn a broad yellow satin sash—a regular old fashioned broad sash—and it tied in a full bow at the back. This touch was so charming and original, as the sash for many a day has not been in vogue. I liked it, but madame said:

"Wait until you see all the other appointments."

The slippers and gloves were in one box with the hosiery. The slippers were of yellow satin, with tiny rhinestone buckles, and the yellow-silk stockings were embroidered in yellow roses, while the gloves were of white glace kid—the newest fashion, but I do not think it will be a success.

The hats were large Leghorns, picturesquely trimmed with white plumes and long, narrow buckles at the side. These six frocks were made exactly alike, and this shows artistic sense, for to have two bridesmaids in one color and two more in another, and so on, is a horror too often perpetrated. The great trailing train was swept across the cloth, and we saw the bridal robe—a perfectly plain white dress of the heavy bride-satin, as it is called. It was fastened in the back, and a berth of rare old lace was drawn across the shoulders and tied in a knot at the bust with short ends reaching the waist. It was most quaint, and I asked madame if it was not an unusual wedding gown. Her reply was:

"Yes, but we thought it would be a little bit original to have Miss—gowned in this artistic way on the day of the wedding. She is an exquisitely beautiful girl of the English type and her wedding will take place at her mother's country place up the Hudson." The frock was absolutely untrimmed, but one did not wish it otherwise. The veil was to be of the

heavy white flowers scattered all over the green ground. Over a silk lining of the same shade of green the effect was charming, and yet it was a dress not to be easily described. It seemed a mass of soft folds and stiff bows, with a touch of coquetry looking out through the knots of ribbon placed around the collar in a perfect frill.

One of the prettiest afternoon toilets was a gray crepon, with accessories of white. Yes, again white, and it is not an exaggeration to say that out of ten frocks eight have white as a trimming. It is so very popular that, although it is so easily soiled, dressmaker and dress wearer are in favor of it, changing the ribbon often three times during the season. It is never used lavishly, so that collar, belt and cuffs can be renovated without much expense or effort. A driving cape of gray satin completed this afternoon costume, and the daintiest of toques, just touched with a spray of green foliage, was the head ornament. Several beautiful parasols there were also to match, and a pretty neck piece of roses was particularly fetching with a stiff black and rose silk gown.

TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS.

Skirts are showing more trimming with every new importation. One skirt has two fluted ruffles arranged in deep scallops, the points of the scallops finished with rosette bows. Another skirt has a ten-inch, flat, side-plaited ruffle. Another a four-inch band of Grecian embroidery at the hem. Another has wide bands of galloon just above the hem. And yet another a four-inch finish of embroidery just above the braid.

AN ABSURD FASHION.

It is to be hoped that the fancy for extending the shoulder seams of dresses will meet with the same fate as the effort to introduce hoops. There is no more uncomfortable and absurd fashion, and women should emphatically protest against it.

Is Your Blood Pure

If not, it is important that you make it pure at once with the great blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

Toothless and in a Dilemma.

When most of the passengers on a Hoboken ferry boat had gone ashore at the foot of Barclay street, says the New York Morning Journal, John Sheffrey, a deck hand, entering the woman's cabin to see if any valuables had been forgotten, found a man crawling over the floor. Sheffrey, thinking that the man was drunk, ordered him to get up and leave the cabin.

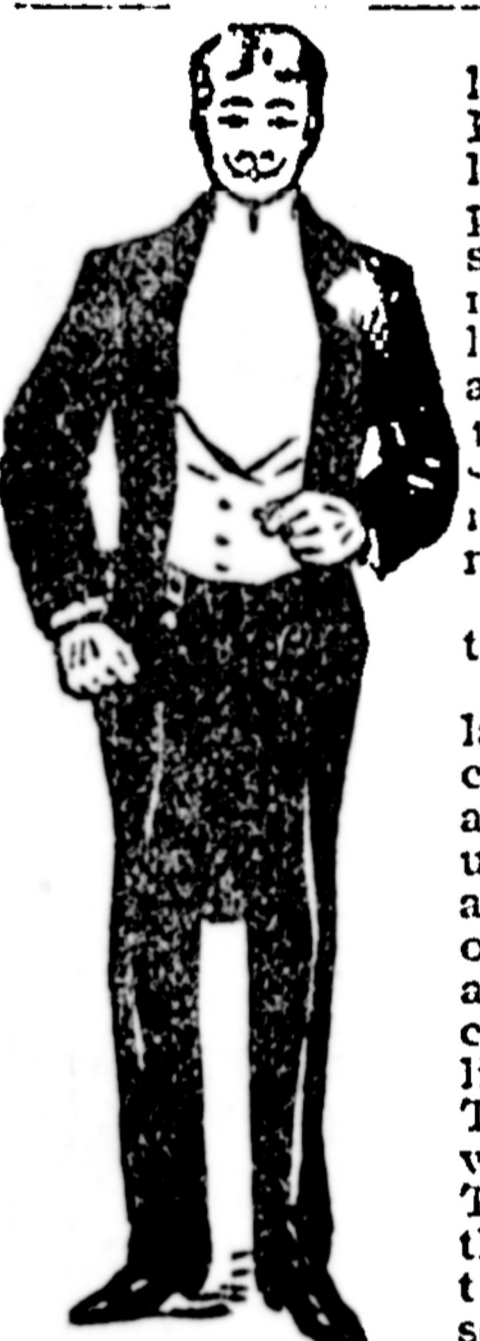
The man on all fours made a mumbly reply and began tearing life preservers from under the seats. This deck hand then grabbed the stranger, and taking him ashore turned him over to Policeman Purdy, of the Church street station.

The prisoner kept on mumbling a gibberish which Purdy couldn't understand, so he concluded that his prisoner was intoxicated. Reaching the station the prisoner wrote this on a sheet of paper:

"I lost a double set of \$38 teeth on the boat. My palate's down and I can't talk. Get my teeth, for God's sake."

"OSCAR SHOLFERN."

In the Tombs court Purdy explained the situation to Justice McMahon, and Sholforn was discharged. He said that while coughing he blew his teeth out just as the passengers were crowding toward the door. He thinks some one picked them up. He lives in Hoboken.



You can carry the little vial of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 to 44 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an inch long, and as big round as a lead pencil.

They cure constipation.

One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves.

P. N. 29

LINEE

Mapache, Angerio, Rubens, Lasso

The "LINEE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn. They are made of fine cloth, both sides lined with silk, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Five Cents. Name, style and size. Address. REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

DROPSY

Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands of cases. Book of Testimony FREE. Send for FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONY FURNISHED FREE BY MAIL. DR. H. H. GILMAN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.



RUPTURE Cured POSITIVELY. HOLDS RUPTURE. Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. Hink Cat. sent securely sealed by U. V. House Mfg. Co., 74 Broadway, N.Y. City.

PAY FOR PLEASANT WORK easily secured through an early application for Local Agency to sell the

DAVIS CREAM SEPARATORS to Farmers and Dairywomen. One style was shown in last number of this Journal. Another will soon be pictured out. Meanwhile, write for handsome Illustrated Book Free. DAVIS & HANKIN BROS. and MFG. CO., Sole Manufacturers, 340 W. Lake St., Chicago.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 15 years just war, 10 educating children, 45 since.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D.C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Cure's Write All USE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

★ HIGHEST AWARD ★ WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

★ THE BEST ★ PREPARED FOOD

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

STRANGEST BODY OF WATER IN THE UNITED STATES.

Impossible to Drown in Its Saline Depths—Queer Experience of Captain Boyton.

THE Great Salt Lake is seventy miles long and fifty miles across in its widest part. It has an area of 2000 square miles, and of late years its greatest depth has not exceeded forty feet. In early summer, says the San Francisco Chronicle, this remarkable sea is two feet higher than it is in the fall, owing to the melted snow brought down by its three largest tributaries, the Bear, Weber and Jordan Rivers. This influx of fresh streams does not appreciably lessen the saltness of the main body of water, though its proportion of solid matter varies with the oscillations of its surface, being naturally greatest when the lake is shallowest. Those engaged in the manufacture of salt here say that it takes six gallons of water to make one gallon of salt. If any one doubts that the water of the lake is taken up by evaporation, and leans to the hypothesis of an underground outlet, let him expose to the sun and wind of this high altitude a vessel of this same water and see in what an incredibly short time the liquid is reduced to solids.

The Salt Lake shores are mostly gray flats of indescribable barrenness. The scant dwarf sage on the water's edge is often beautifully flowered with a delicate frostwork of salt spray. On the northern slopes and down the western border there are numerous springs running pure brine. But stranger than this is the fact that in several places fresh water rushes out of the sand on East Antelope within fifteen feet of the brimming lake basin. The one perfect beach is at Garfield, a dozen or so miles west of where the Jordan River is crossed and at the feet of the Oquirrh—grandly picturesque range, in whose clefts throughout the summer the snow lies like fallen clouds. The first bathing in the lake was done at Black Rock, on Garfield Beach, which has been a resort for picnickers since the early fifties.

The various groups of islands in this Dead Sea of the Western Continent are fragments of mountain chains gracefully strung out on the flashing bosom of this strange water. The largest and best known is Antelope, which was once used by the Mormons as a cattle corral for the church herd. This island is sixteen miles long by four wide, and lies twenty miles off the south coast. The next in size is Stansbury, which is fourteen miles in length, while Fremont is seven miles, and Carrington two-thirds as long as Fremont. The others, Strong's Knob, Gunnison, and Dolphin, are grouped fifty miles to the Northwest of Antelope, and are superb limestone cliffs, almost wholly without vegetation, and haunted by millions of gulls and other sea fowl.

The four largest islands are used as winter pastures for sheep or cattle, but all are uninhabited and without fresh water except Antelope, whose one house—an ancient adobe, built here by the Mormons fifty years ago—is occupied by the island herder and his family. There are hundreds of acres of good grazing on the eastern slope, and a few years ago, when the Government set apart the Salt Lake islands as a reservation for our nearly extinct buffalo, some sixty American bison and forty elk were transported to Antelope. The owners of the island endeavored to breed the buffalo in with Alderneys, but so far have not succeeded, the shaggy, fierce-eyed beasts rebelling at every approach to domestication. The elk proved even more unsatisfactory, for after a few days of restless roaming they took it into their antlered heads to swim back to the main shore in a body, and landed on a point fifteen miles from Antelope, where they were promptly shot down by the settlers thereabouts.

Along the shores of the lake and in many of the island bays the water presents a remarkable appearance, a kind of madder red spread out for acres. Upon investigation the cause of this sanguinary color is found to be a thick layer of floating larvae, the chrysalides of worms the size and shape of an oat kernel. Where these accumulations exist an offensive smell is noticeable, and is the one disagreeable feature of these desolate shores. In early days the Utah Indians collected and dried the larvae and used the mixture as a mush.

In the fall of the year the marshes at the mouth of the rivers that empty into the lake are covered by flocks of wild geese and ducks, with sometimes a stately blue heron or swans with beautiful white plumage. Their cheerful clatter and the fresh green of the coarse grass and singing weeds contrast delightfully with the dreary tints and solitariness of the immediate desert. There are also numbers of seagulls, which visit the marshes to fish, coming thirty miles from their rookeries on Gunnison and its neighboring isles. The main food of the gulls is known to be the infinitesimal live things found in the bitter brine—a small winged shrimp, a smaller fly and its larvae, the black worm before

alluded to—the three atomic creatures that comprise the animal life of the lake.

Bathing in the lake is one of the most delightful experiences imaginable. It is next to impossible to sink in such dense water, and one floats easily with head, arms, knees and feet entirely exposed, and this without moving so much as a finger. The bathers wabble this way and that like so many corks cast adrift. Swimming the old way is evidently hard work, but an habiting of these waters will throw his body high out and go hand over hand with a speed not excelled in fresh water. Salt Lake people will tell you what hard work the famous Boynton had in 1886 of his attempted swim to Antelope Island and the terrible sufferings he endured while buffeted about in his rubber suit all one night. A wind from the northwest blew a stiff breeze, and the spray dashed in his face and hardened there into salt. In the morning the exhausted man was thrown up like a rubber ball in the marsh east of Black Rock, on the main shore, and afterward declared:

"A man can't get this water on his head and stand it. If I were forty feet under water in the worst storm the Atlantic ever knew, it wouldn't be as bad as being under one foot here. It was the weight of the water that knocked me out, and there isn't enough money in the world to tempt me to try it again."

One of the many mysteries of the Great Salt Lake is its irregular habit of shifting its bed. Three years ago saw the completion of a fashionable bathing resort on a point called Lake-side. The first summer people came by the thousands, and were enthusiastic in their praises of the bathing at "Lake Park." But alas for the owners of the resort and the narrow-gauge railroad that made hourly trips back and fourth to the city! Before the next season opened the row of bath houses stood up high and dry a quarter of a mile from the salt zone that confined the lake's liquid green; the red-roofed pavilion was deserted and wind-swept, and empty, sun-cracked benches were set forlornly about the unused walks; the lake had turned its back upon the "Park," and would have none of it. The handsome new buildings, whose sole tenants are now the "birds of the air" and the horned toad, but add full desolation to the wide, lonely waste of Lakeside. The long wharf, once the mooring of pleasure craft, is left to the desultory use of stockmen, who anchor an occasional "cattle boat" alongside after its bellowing cargo has been unloaded on the chute hard by.

One of the first things that strikes a newcomer is the comparative absence of boat life on the Great Salt Lake. A sail in sight is the exception, and has rather a startling effect on the otherwise empty water. There are several schooners owned by private parties, a kind of toy steamer called the Tuilla, that makes excursions out from Saltair, and the gay little Cambria. There are also two or three schooner-rigged cattle boats, which are really the safest boats on the lake, and are used chiefly to transport stock from Antelope and Fremont.

WISE WORDS.

An acorn is bigger than a saw log. The wounds made by a friend never heal.

Thorns grow fast while a lazy man sleeps.

Behind the shadow there is always a light.

Half-hearted service is the coward's tribute.

The more we love the more we can see to love.

Some people have more reputation than character.

The man who has gold for his master wears iron fetters.

To-morrow is the fool's seed time. To-day is the time to do.

All other eyes are full of beams to the man who has a mote in his own eye.

A mistake is sure to attract attention where a virtue would be overlooked.

The poorest man is not the one who has the least, but the one who wants the most.

There is more help in an ounce of encouragement than there is in a ton of good advice.

A happy heart is worth more anywhere than a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

Eloquence may sometimes provoke righteous indignation, but it cannot produce righteousness of life. —Rams Horn.

Long Wire Without Support.

A telephone wire is carried a mile and a half without support over Lake Wallen, between Quinten and Murg, in the canton of St. Gall, in Switzerland. The wire is two millimetres in diameter. —New York Journal.

For a Giant Ship.

A spar 114 feet long without a knot or blemish, forty-eight inches in diameter at the big end, twenty-nine inches at the small end, was run into Lake Whatecom, Washington, recently. —Portland Oregonian.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength. Latest U. S. Government Food Report. ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Food Cure.

To the many who abhor the taking of bitter drugs, the food cure opens an alluring prospect. This is positively the latest idea, introduced into England by physicians of advanced ideas. They claim that certain foods contain all the elements necessary to effect cures; that they have made up a list which embraces tonics, febrifuges, diuretics, and, in fact, every medicinal agent that is defined in the pharmacopoeia. These foods are of the simplest character, but the English doctors do not disclose them, except to their patients. They say that in the course of ten years there will not be one-third the medicine used that is used to-day.

The Trust After No-To-Bac.

Chicago Special.—Reported here to-day that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac, by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general offices revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvelous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

The annual sales of German toys in Great Britain amount to over £2,000,000.

And Make Money At It.

If you only knew it, the trouble is with your digestion. If that was good you would sleep better, wake better, work better, and make more money at it. How can you "get on" when the whole system is sluggish? But people don't realize what the trouble. A box of Ripans Tablets makes life worth living. At druggists.

The beet sugar manufactured in this country in 1893 amounted to 27,083,322 tons.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Missouri in 1890 had 1,676,706 acres sowed in oats, which produced 38,820,149 bushels.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures a Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Sulphuric and nitric acids were known to Geber, the alchemist, in the eighth century.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The first State as an oil producer is Illinois, with 3,870,702 acres and 137,624,828 bushels.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSON, Luluia, Ala.

Potassium, the basis of many medicines, was discovered in 1807 by Sir Humphrey Davy.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine. —Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Sicken and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., October 20, 1894.

Musk-Flavored Fish.

An artificial musk factory has been established upon the Rhone, in the canton of Geneva. Since its opening fishermen have noticed that the fish—especially the trout—taken within a couple of miles down the river have a very pronounced flavor of musk, the heads in particular being uncatchable. As it is known that the essential oils of anise and lavender attract fishes, foxes, martens, etc., it is believed that the fishes may be similarly led by the odor to seek and eat the musk refuse.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

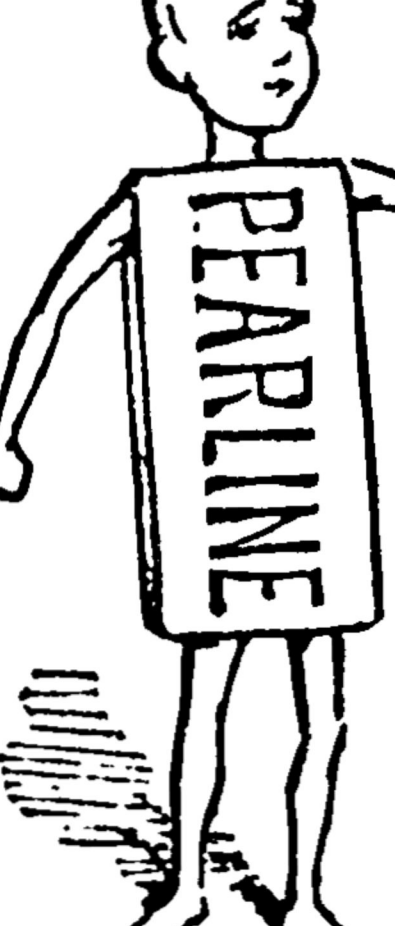
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

P. N. 29 '95

USE NO SOAP



with Pearlina. 'Twould be absurd. It isn't necessary. Pearlina contains everything of a soapy nature that's needed or that's good to go with it. And Pearlina is so much better than soap that it has the work all done before the soap begins to take any part.

You're simply throwing away money. It's a clear waste of soap—and soap may be good for something, though it isn't much use in washing and cleaning, when Pearlina's around.

Millions NOW use Pearlina

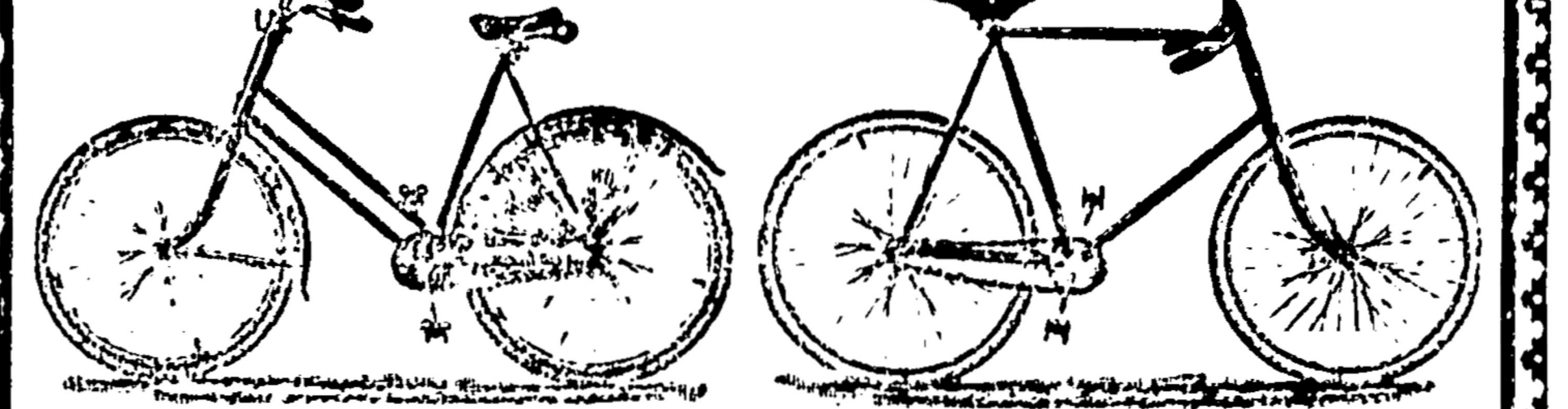
SELL ON SIGHT!

Lovell Diamond Cycles.

HIGH GRADE IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, LIGHTEST WEIGHTS!

HAVE YOUR MECHANICAL FRIEND examine these machines, as we desire to show the work and material to men who know what good work is. We stake our business reputation of over fifty years that there is no better wheel made in the world than the Lovell Diamond.



Warranted in every respect. All prices, sizes and weights. Call and see them catalogue free. If there is no agent in your place write us.

Manufacturers and Jobbers in ARMS, BICYCLES AND SPORTING GOODS. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, Mass.

It Was Before the Day Of

SAPOLIO

They Used to Say "Woman's Work is Never Done."

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA

FRIDAY EVENING, AUG. 2, 1895.

THE HOLMES MYSTERIES

A Fort Worth Lawyer Who Has "Proofs" of the Murders

CHICAGO, July 30.—The latest investigations in the Holmes affair have resulted in the discovery of two skeletons, one of which was in the possession of a reputable physician, and said to have been sold to a hospital by Holmes. There was also unearthed in the search of the Holmes building a couple of vats, which had since been walled up. According to the statement of M. C. Chappell, who declares he articulated skeletons for Holmes, these vats were used as vessels in which the flesh was eaten from the bones. A Philadelphia dispatch says that Holmes declares he was in the business of procuring skeletons, and secured them in a legitimate manner. The police have also secured the trunk which it is said Holmes used in sinking Anna Williams' body in the lake.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Three warrants for the arrest of H. H. Holmes and Patrick Quinlan are now hanging fire. They are taken out solely for the reason that it is the desire of the complainant to give the police all of the leeway possible before forcing them to act as to Quinlan. An important witness against Holmes and Quinlan has been found in a mysterious bricklayer who built a fire box in the castle, which, he thinks, might have been used as a resort for dead bodies, and who told his story.

Lawyer William Cappa, the Fort Worth attorney, who is here at the instance of the heirs of Minnie Williams, stated today that he is prepared to prove the murder of Minnie and Annie Williams. He insists that it was done by Holmes, Quinlan and another man, whose identity he refuses to reveal. This man has been located by a detective, whom the heirs of the Williams girls put upon the case eight months ago. "He is ready to confess," said Mr. Cappa, "on condition that the police guarantee him immunity from punishment. My detective says the man knows that the girls were killed in the Sixty-third street house, and that he knows when they were buried."

A private account book kept by Holmes has been discovered in a grate at the Sixty-third street house. The book was found with a bundle of letters addressed by various women to Holmes, which had evidently been placed there for burning. The accounts, which date back to May 1, 1885, show dealings with various people, and an entry regarding insurance shows the existence of insurance deals as early as 1880. A mysterious "Dora" is mentioned as the recipient of numerous small sums, which are carefully recorded, and the minutes of the Englewood company are also given, with the election of directors and the transaction of other business.

Holmes' Versatility.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y., July 31.—Herman W. Mudgett, alias Holmes, went to Moores, Clinton county, in 1833, in company with another man and canvassed the town for nursery stock. While there he was engaged by the school trustees at Moores' Forks, and taught a term at their school. At the close he went east and soon returned with a little boy, who remained but a short time, and disappeared. A little later he settled down at Moores' Forks in practice as a physician for about a year. During the presidential campaign of 1854 he bet heavily on Republican victory, but to his dismay Cleveland was elected. Shortly after this his true nature commenced to develop, and the people began to hear and so reasons to question his honesty. He left for Chicago owing some bills, but about a year later returned for a few weeks' visit and settled some of them. He spoke glowingly of his business at Chicago. During his stay here he gained the confidence and friendship of many.

Declares Holmes Is Innocent of Murder
PHILADELPHIA, July 31.—It is known that H. H. Holmes has not at any previous time fully confided in his counsel, and it was learned yesterday that the lawyers had threatened to withdraw from the case if Holmes did not make a full breast of his criminal career. Holmes, it is understood, pleaded with Attorney Shoemaker not to desert him, gave his life history in detail to his counsel. The history, Mr. Shoemaker says, fills 400 pages of closely type written matter. Since the last conference between the prisoner and his counsel Mr. Shoemaker declares emphatically that his honest conviction is that Holmes never committed murder in his life.

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30.—Flour firm; winter superfine, \$2.50; do. extra, \$2.70; No. 2 winter family, \$2.30; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$2.15; do. Pennsylvania roller, straight, \$2.00; do. western winter, clear, \$2.00; do. wheat weak, lower, with 75c. bid and 75c. asked for July. Corn weak, with 45c. bid and 45c. asked for July. Hay firm; choice timothy, \$17.50; 18. Beef quiet. Pork dull; new mess, \$12.25; 12.75. Lard weak; western steam, \$9.50; Butter quiet; western dairy, 10c; do. creamery, 12c; do. factory, 8c; Eggs, 18c; imitation creamery, 11c; New York dairy, 11c; do. creamery, 17c; Pennsylvania and western prints, fancy, 30c; exceptional lots higher; do. fair to choice, 17c; prints jobbing at 21c. Cheese dull; New York large, 6c; small, 5c; Eggs steady; New York and Pennsylvania, 13c; 14c; western fresh, 12c; 13c.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, July 30.—European cables quote American steers at 11.12c. per lb., dressed weight; refrigerator beef, 8c; Calves quiet; poor to prime veals, \$3.50; grassers and butterfat calves, \$2.25; 3.75c. Sheep steady; good to choice lambs firm; inferior to choice sheep, \$5.00; 5.50c. Interior to strictly choice lambs, \$4.75; 5.25c. Hogs steady at \$5.30; 5.50c.

EAST LIVERPOOL, July 30.—Cattle higher; prime, \$3.00; 3.50c. bullocks, steers and cows, \$1.75; 2.00c. Hogs dull; best light grades, \$4.00; 4.50c. common to fair, \$3.25; 3.50c. roughs, \$3.00; 3.50c. Fat firm; extra, \$2.25; 2.50c. good, \$2.00; 2.25c. Choice, \$2.50; 2.75c.

Restores Gray Hair to Natural Color

"More than a year ago, my hair began turning gray and falling out. Though I tried many remedies for it, nothing I used satisfied me until I commenced to use

AYER'S Hair Vigor

After using one bottle of this preparation, my hair was restored to its natural color, and ceased falling out."—MRS. HERZMANN, 359 E. 88th St., New York, N. Y.

Prevents Hair from Falling Out.

"It Saved my Boy"



MASTER GROVER REYNOLDS.

Daniel W. Reynolds, Watson, Ill. writes Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.:

"For nearly two years my little son Grover, aged about four, suffered from Kidney and Bladder disease. Finally a gravel was forced into the urethra and remained there producing

Blood Poisoning

and dropsical effusion. I refused consent to a surgical operation fearing the result, and commenced giving your Kidney and Backache Cure.

When one bottle had been taken, the stone or gravel had become so far dissolved by it that it passed out of itself, and the child is well and strong today. I saved my boy."

DR. FENNER'S Kidney and Backache Cure DID IT.

A Great Renal Depurant.

Cures all diseases of the kidneys, bladder, urinary passages. Female Weaknesses, Bed Wetting in children, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Skin and Blood Diseases, Swelled Limbs, Bright's Disease, Gravel or Stone in bladder, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample free.

Dr. Fenner's Pellets cure Sick Headaches, Constipation, etc. The best Family Physic.

Dr. Fenner's German Eye-Salve cures Sore Eyes, Cracked Lips, Piles, Skin Eruptions.

Dr. Fenner's Cough Honey. Relieves any cough, asthma, etc. In an hour.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief. A specific in any inflammation. Relieves burns, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, or any pain in 1 to 30 minutes. Cures colic, dyspepsia, dysentery and flux; also bronchitis and consumption. One dose cures La Grippe.

For sale at LIVINGSTON'S GROCERY.

THE ITEM. \$1. Three months for 25c

HELP! HELP! HELP!

Having purchased the Eagle Hotel Barber Shop, I would be pleased to have all persons desiring

AN EASY SHAVE

and a good hair cut, to give me a call. Razors honed and cleaned at the lowest price. Shop N. E. Angle Centre Square, between ITEM office and Eagle Hotel.

14sep94. HARRY KENN, BARBER.

Mid-Summer Clearance SALE.

We begin to-day our great Clearance Sale of all Summer goods, and all odd lots of every description.

Satines are reduced from 12 1/2 to 8c. Selwin Suitings, 36 inches wide, from 22 1/2 to 8c.

Dimities, Lawns and Challies are reduced about 40 per cent.

Wash Silks, China Silks and Bengaline Silks at much less than their value. Some very nice ones at 25 cts. a yard.

In the Men's Department we have odd lots of Coats and Vests, Odd Suits, Straw Hats, &c., all reduced to considerable less than cost.

There are great bargains in every department.

Call at once and secure some of them.

CARVER & LITTLE, No. 8 Baltimore Street, HANOVER, PA.

DON'T read your neighbor's paper, but subscribe yourself for

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased the warehouse on PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw, &c. Will also keep on hand a full stock of FLOUR, FEEDS, SALT, &c.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.

THERE IS ONLY ONE Dry Goods Store!

There is only one dry goods store in Hanover that sells only FOR CASH, and that alone will explain why our prices are lower than any others. Always best assortment of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, &c.

Come and see us.

G. B. NACE & SON.

No. 3 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.,

MERRICK'S Most scientific appliance for treatment of HERNIA ever produced. Combination Spiral Spring Sent on trial. Address F. H. MERRICK, Huntington, W. Va. TRUSS

GO TO J. H. KNAU, LITTLESTOWN AND HANOVER,

for your Monuments, Tombstones, LINTELS, DOOR SILLS, &c.

I am at all times prepared prepared to furnish the above work in the most beautiful designs, at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons; call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, and on Carlisle street, Hanover.

GET A GOOD ONE! THE BLATCHLEY PUMP

Made in the Right Way of Right Kind of Wood. Malleable Iron Bushing in Pin Hole in Handle. Long, Heavy Cylinders driven in from Bottom. Wood cannot swell away from this kind. Heavy Welded Bands.

Iron Handle Brackets, made in one piece, and will not work loose. Wide Bucket Leathers, made of back of the hide, put on with threaded rods.

It is intended for service, and cheap materials in it. C. G. BLATCHLEY, Mfr., 25 N. Juniper St., Philadelphia, Pa. Opposite Broad Street Station, P. R. R.

HENS MUST LAY

To produce eggs abundantly during the fall and winter, or when confined in small yards.

Have feed and care adapted to these conditions. Hens are sure to abundantly when

Prolific Poultry Food

is mixed with soft feed for them every morning.

Sold everywhere. 1 lb. 25c, 2 1/2 lbs. 50c, 5 lbs. \$1.00. If you cannot get it, send \$1.00 to me for a 5 lb. pkg. by express prepaid.

L. B. LORD, Prop., Burlington, Vt., U. S. A.

For sale by A. SHEELY, New Oxford.

CHAS. N. PURVIS, COLLECTION OFFICES, 20 W. Fourth St. and 540 Packer St., Williamsport, Pa.

Collections made in all parts of the world. 17aug94ly.

FOR RENT—A large Room on second floor, Centre Square. Rent cheap Apply to E. C. LIVINGSTON.

A Special Drive in Fruits!

Peaches, Raisins, Prunes, Lemons, Bananas, Melons, &c., &c.

Canned Beans, Corn, and Tomatoes.

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